

THE MONTH

JANUARY, 1869.



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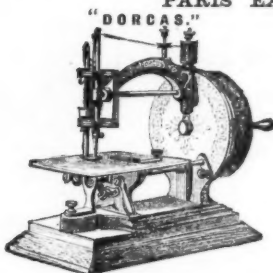
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A Life of Ten Years.

PART I.

I.

It is said that thirty pretenders have in turn claimed to be the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. To calculate how many books and pamphlets have been born of the controversy on what has been called "the Mystery of the Temple" would be difficult. The most important work on the subject is that of M. de Beauchesne, who has devoted, he tells us, twenty years to the investigation. The latest edition of his *Louis XVII.* is the most complete account of the sufferings of the royal family of France in the Temple which has been given to the public, and well merits the eulogium of the Bishop of Orleans, with which it is prefaced. Perhaps M. de Beauchesne has done wisely in leaving unnoticed the objections made by hostile critics to some of his assertions. He appears to have trusted to the mass of evidence which he has arranged in a flowing narrative as being on the whole too conclusive to admit of doubt. Still, though we are convinced of the general trustworthiness of M. de Beauchesne's history of the Temple prisoners, the questions which are suggested, as we read it, by some obscurities and contradictions are very interesting. The objections made by those who assert the escape of Louis XVII. raise points which it is satisfactory to consider, if only because they invite us to examine the state of French society at the time, and the condition to which the outbreak of '89 had brought it.

It was to be expected that, after the Restoration, claimant after claimant of Louis XVII.'s crown should present himself to the sympathies which were ready for his support. As each new pretender appeared, however, his friends had to clear his way, not only by endeavouring to disprove the existing records of the death of Louis XVI.'s son in the Temple, but by destroying the cases of rival impostors. The conflicts of the personators of the Dauphin have helped to lay bare every fragment of

evidence touching his fate, until what was once a mystery has become sufficiently clear to any impartial mind.

In the first hopes and excitements, and amid the intrigues and jealousies, of the Restoration, the opportunities for imposture were too favourable to be neglected. Even during the Empire, Fouché had found it necessary to arrest one Hervagault, a pretended Dauphin, whose adherents were counted by thousands. Mathurin Bruneau, another claimant, was the object of an elaborate trial as soon as Louis XVIII. came to power. The astute king was glad of an occasion to cast discredit on all simulators of his nephew. It was rumoured moreover, that there was provision made for the possible reappearance of Louis XVII. in the Secret Treaty of Paris. The position was one which readily produced a succession of pretenders. Many of the old royalists would have preferred, as their king, any other Bourbon than that Comte de Provence, who had had no small share in the ruin of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It was privately hoped by some of the veterans of the old court that the promising boy of Versailles and the Tuileries might have survived the Temple. Much of the minute circumstantial evidence which has been supplied was not then accessible, as the rehabilitation of Terrorists and the idealization of Thermidorians had not then become fashionable, nor was the research necessary for such processes easily made. The interest roused by Richemont and Naündorff, the two most plausible of the pseudo-Dukes of Normandy, was therefore not extraordinary. The "Mystery of the Temple" was popular, and even so lately as in 1851 the pleadings of M. Jules Favre in behalf of Naündorff's heirs excited curiosity afresh. Quite recently we have been reminded by an American writer of the claim of an Indian Missionary, the Rev. Eleazar Williams, to represent the persecuted child of the Temple.

Though M. de Beauchesne has left unnoticed the ingenious arguments advanced by supporters of the pretended Dukes of Normandy, he has, by his patient search for every record of the prince's existence and end, collected materials for a correct judgment on perhaps the strangest crime of our age. He has searched every remaining register of the Paris Commune and the Revolutionary Tribunals, the reports of the Convention, and the archives of the Temple. He made himself familiarly acquainted with the two municipal officers in whose charge the "Little Capet" had been before and at his death. He was even fortunate enough to gather from three friends of Madame

Simon some account of Simon's tutorship and his wretched ward's sufferings. No guide to the secret history of the Temple is so well informed as is M. de Beauchesne. Availing ourselves largely of his labours, we propose to sketch for our readers the saddest and most incomprehensible of the Revolutionary outrages.

II.

Louis Charles, the second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785. On the 8th of June, 1795, aged ten years and two months, he died in that upper room of the Temple which had been his father's prison. His agony belongs to history, for it is the culminating horror of the epoch in which he suffered, the furthest mark left on the sands of time by the tide of passion which had overflowed France. The tragedy of the royal family of France is crowned, as it were, by the sacrifice of a victim in whom guilt was not only absent, but impossible. The death of Louis XVI. can be at least discussed. The hatred borne by an ignorant and maddened populace towards Marie Antoinette is conceivable. The very piety and self sacrifice of the King's sister, Elisabeth, must have vexed the readers of *Perè Duchesne*, for the large faction whose vices were fed by blood-shedding would naturally not suffer such dangerous virtues among them. And after all death, even death by guillotine in the face of an obscene rabble, is to be borne, and the murder of a brave and believing man or woman is not so extraordinary a crime that we need recur to the tale of its commission with any extreme astonishment.

The Reign of Terror has been described by all manner of writers. We owe to the period which may be marked off by the Diamond Necklace fraud on one hand, and the first consulship of Napoleon on the other, a large part of our sensational literature. The strained actors of '89 possess a certain picturesqueness in their crimes and in their heroism that commends both oppressors and oppressed to our languid generation. Even the admirers of Robespierre cannot but yield respect to Marie Antoinette's seventy days in the Conciergerie. Legitimist critics must allow a certain brigand distinction in Danton and an heroic squalor about Marat. And so looking from a distance on the strife we have become reconciled to its horrible details. The world has learned to excuse such outbreaks. "It was expedient that he should die for the people," has become the habitual answer of conscience when revolutions demand their victims.

The Reign of Terror has accustomed us to strong historical situations. But no adult figure stands out from its red gloom with the same fearful significance, as the frail form of the child whose destruction seems to combine the frank cruelty of the middle ages with the meanness of modern murder. It is true that we do not sympathise with him as with the noble queen and the little group of her faithful friends. There were far more dramatic deaths than that of the boy king's soul and body, but his history is important as a gauge of the deeds that may be committed in the name of revolutionary "virtue." As an instance of what unlawful "government" may do, no episode of the time can rank with this.

We assume that our readers are familiar with the leading events of Louis XVI.'s reign. To explain the circumstances of the Court of Versailles during the Duke of Normandy's infancy would be to write a history of France, if indeed those circumstances could be explained without clues which are probably lost, and which have, at least, never been accessible to the crowd of writers who have tried to account for the phenomena of '89.

At the birth of Louis Charles, the second son of France, whatever may have been the factious disloyalty of the anti-Austrian party at Court, Paris was still eager in congratulation to the Queen. The affair of the diamond necklace had not, until the August of that year, filled men's mouths and ears with calumnies against Marie Antoinette, and when the news of her safe delivery reached Paris there were the usual cannonades and rejoicings. The ancient ceremonial of welcome was gone through with creditable liberality, when the King came in state to Notre Dame for the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. Fifteen buffets and fifteen fountains supplied the poor with bread and wine, and fifteen orchestras set them dancing until late in the night. The carmagnole had not yet become the fashion. The King was still the hope of the troubled nation, which looked to him to procure for them the visionary benefits promised by the quack philosophers of the time, and the hurras of St. Antoine were doubtless dear to his slow perceptions. The error of his career was his weak endeavour to fulfil the wild dreams of philanthropy. He desired to please his people at any cost, even of justice. His reign was one long abdication of justice in favour of public opinion. He had been known to say in reply to some remonstrances on his revolutionary experiments in government, "I know all that, but I will, and I ought to before all, begin by making myself beloved by my people." A false

sentiment, that bought some cheers for him and for his family, but one that was dearly expiated. It was the abandonment of leadership when it was most urgently wanted by a suffering and agitated people.

It was an epoch of renovation, but renovation need not have been dangerous, had it been based on the eternal foundations of justice and not on the schemes of theorists. It is true that the long suspension in France of national selfgovernment had facilitated the wildest experiments—no one was conversant with practical legislation, or could calculate the results of that "leap in the dark" for which King and people were eager. The "historic conscience" of the nation was asleep. Not one thinker turned for wisdom and guidance to the past. The self-conceit which characterised alike the school of Voltaire and the followers of Rousseau prevented study of the ancient institutions of France. Yet in them might have been found elements of freedom, and securities for justice, that were sacrificed by the intriguing centralisers of '89, and that no new turn of affairs seems likely to re-establish.

Meantime, as we have said, the kindly sentimentality of Louis XVI. gained for his wife an enthusiastic reception when, after her second son's birth, she drove to Notre Dame and to Ste. Geneviève to render thanks for her recovery. By one of the coincidences curiously common, if looked for, in men's lives, she dined at the Tuileries, supped at the Temple, and afterwards went to the Place Louis XV. to see the Spanish Ambassador's fireworks—an itinerary followed by her once more on her way to death. The little Duke of Normandy was scarcely more than four years old, when the death of his brother seemed to open for him an important future. The Dauphin, a boy full of intellectual promise, though weak and prematurely thoughtful, died within a month of the convocation of the States General in 1789. He left a sorrowful heritage to the new Dauphin—Marie Antoinette's hair was already whitening in the twofold trouble of surging revolution and private bereavements. The days of Trianon were past for ever. The sad presentiment of evil, which never afterwards left her, now seized on her; yet it is at this epoch that we find the Queen entering on her duties, as wife and mother, with a constant energy that she had not before shown. The son left to her became the chief object of her life. From many sources we have his portrait, and charming as it is, the delicacy of frame, and the exciteableness of temperament which the Queen endeavoured to counteract, are too evident to leave cause for wonder that the fragile child sank after-

wards, morally and physically, under the persecutions of his gaolers. His recovery from the degradation of the Temple would have required the strongest testimony to be credible. At four years old, when he succeeded his brother as Dauphin, he is described as slight, graceful, and rather tall for his age. His brow was broad and high, but his arched eyebrows must have lessened its expression of intellectuality. His blue eyes were large and loving, his mouth was like his mother's, and he inherited her bright colour of hair and skin. Quick and agile in movement, there was a high bred charm in his infantine ways, which appears to have singularly attracted the roughs of the earlier revolution, but which excited the dislike and jealousy of its leaders after the monarchy had definitively fallen. He was courteous and affectionate, but impatient of control. His mother's intelligent devotion earned from him, baby as he was, a love and respect which never failed to influence him. "Maman Reine" was the object of his infantine adoration. His father does not seem to have gained from him the same frank affection, though it is hard to find a link wanting in the chain of duty and love which bound the King's family together during their captivity. But children judge keenly of character. They dislike reserve and weakness, and the sensitive Dauphin clung rather to his noble and impetuous mother than to the vacillating king. She personally watched over every hour of his day, even at Versailles, and herself educated his taste for music and reading. It is told of him that one day at St. Cloud he sat silent and motionless in his little arm chair while the Queen was singing. "For once Charles is asleep!" laughingly said the King's sister Madame Elisabeth. "Ah my dear Aunt," the child replied earnestly, "can one sleep while one is listening to Maman Reine?"

III.

Contrary to the established custom, the King appointed no household for the Dauphin, that he might run somewhat less chance of the flattery which pursues a prince. His governess, until the emigration, was the Queen's personal friend the Duchesse de Polignac. After her resignation of her office the Marquise de Tourzel was appointed to it, but the King undertook the superintendence of his boy's education while he was still in the nursery, for the child was hot-tempered, and resisted, while he was yet little more than an infant, the control of the women about him. Neither of his parents spoiled him. The royal family of France were learning from quickly following events that austere

self-denial, and the practice of fortitude even unto death, might be the most useful lessons that the Dauphin could learn. In the domestic anecdotes of Versailles, even before 1789, touching traces may be found of the anxiety of the Queen for her children's future. From the 20th of June, the day of the tennis-court oath, her clear sight taught her that the King's concessions could but end in disasters. From the moment that he abandoned his right of reigning to the third Estate, France was no more than an arena in which the strongest conquered. The King sanctioned the violation of law in his own person, and general sedition followed. He legitimised revolution; and the destruction of the Bastille, the riots in the provinces, and the assassinations that followed his abdication of governing power, were but accidents of a time that was begun when the King quailed before a party in the assembly of his subjects whom by rough words he had provoked to test their power. The Reign of Terror was prepared by Louis when he preferred the "love" of the third Estate to the maintenance of law. Of no avail except to excite fresh crime and disorder were the incoherent movements of troops, the silly brag of the courtiers, the passionate appeals of the Queen. Stupor, even affectation of sleep, were the King's resources in face of revolution. His incapacity must have driven the Queen to the independent efforts which earned for her so much misunderstanding even from moderate men, but it was in vain that carrying the Dauphin in her arms, she appealed now to the nobles and now to the mob. Transient flashes of sentiment and the fickle acclamation of an unruly people were worse than valueless to her, even if she could have truly roused the moribund chivalry of France.

The Dauphin had not been long possessed of his new importance as heir to the crown when he was called on to play his part in the scenes that followed the sack of the Bastille. Strange sights must have confused him, as the fear at Versailles grew with each new report from Paris. The secret flight of his governess, Madame de Polignac, and of his uncle the Comte d'Artois, the anguish of his mother when the King visited Paris against her prayers on the 17th of July, were lessons for him, baby as he was. While Louis was away on his perilous progress through the insurrectionists the Queen's children never left her. The Dauphin sympathising with her though he could hardly have known why, watched for his father's return from a window that he might be the first to tell her. "He will return, he will return," the little fellow repeated; "my father is so good that no one would hurt him."

The King did return, wearing in his hat the tricolour cockade, the token of his humiliation.

And yet while calumny was most busy with her name, while each day brought fresh anguish and loss, the Queen appears to have well preformed her duty as a mother. A letter from Marie Antoinette, and dated the 24th of July, to Madame de Tourzel, who replaced Madame de Polignac in the charge of the children of France, well proves that no political confusion could interfere with her minute care of her son and daughter. It was published in 1860 by Messieurs de Goncourt, and it better explains the Dauphin's character and the peculiar cruelty of his imprisonment than any description could do.

My son is four years and four months old, all but two days. I do not speak of his appearance and figure, to judge of them it is only necessary to see him. His health has always been good, but even in the cradle it was evident that his nerves were very delicate, and that the least unusual noise affected him. His first teeth were slow in coming, but they were cut without illness or trouble. It was only when cutting the last ones—I think it was the sixth—that he had a convulsion at Fontainebleau. Since then he had two others—one in the winter of '87 or '88, and the other when he was inoculated, but this last was very slight. From the delicacy of his nerves he is startled by any unaccustomed noise, for instance, he is afraid of dogs because he has heard them bark near him. I have never forced him to see them, because I believe that as his reason grows his fears will pass away. He is like all strong and healthy children, very thoughtless. He is quick and violent in temper, but he is good humoured, affectionate and even tender when he is not carried away by his spirits. He has a disproportionate self-love which, well guided, may some day be for his advantage. Until he is quite at his ease with any person he can control himself, and even subdue his impatience and his temper that he may appear gentle and amiable. He keeps perfect faith when he has made a promise, but he is very indiscreet. He is fond of repeating what he has heard, and often without intending a falsehood he adds what in imagination he has seen. This is his worst fault, of which he must be thoroughly corrected. As for the rest, I may repeat that he is good humoured, and with kindness and at the same time with firmness, without being over severe, he can be made anything of, but as he has a great deal of character for his age severity would disgust him. To give an example of it, from his earliest childhood the "Pardon," has always revolted him. He will do and say all that is required when he is in the wrong, but the word "Pardon" is only pronounced by him with tears and the greatest difficulty. My children have always been accustomed to place great confidence in me, and when they have done wrong to tell me of it themselves, so that when I have reproved them I appeared more grieved and hurt than angry at what they had done. I have accustomed them all to consider yes or no from me as irrevocable, but I have given them for my decision a reason suited to their age, so that they should not think that I acted from caprice. My son does not know how to read, and learns very badly. He is too thoughtless to apply himself. He has no idea of haughtiness in his head, and I am most anxious that this should continue. Our children learn quite soon enough who they are.

He loves his sister very much, and has a good heart. Whenever something gives him pleasure, whether it is to go somewhere or that he is given anything, his first impulse is to ask the same for his sister. He is naturally gay; his health requires that he should be much in the open air, and I think that it is better to let him play and work in his garden plots on the terrace than to take him longer walks. The exercise that children take in running and playing out of doors is wholesomer than when they are forced to walk, which often tires their backs.

The rest of the letter is a minute report of the royal children's under governess, the Dauphin's tutor, and even of the servants attached to the school-room and nursery.

When the Queen wrote thus, and left behind her so good a proof of her motherly devotion and of her excellent sense, she was at the height of her unpopularity; her friends had fled, and left her to weep in the inner apartments of Versailles—the very servants were growing insolent to her in her loneliness. In September, there was again a stir among the courtiers of the *Ceil de Bœuf*. The king hunted, made locks, dined and dozed, while plot after plot seethed in the brains of the distracted royalists. A plan for his removal to Metz was formed. Troops were massed on the northern road, the regiment of Flanders was brought to Versailles. The banquet of the 2nd of October was offered to them. It has been likened to Don Juan's revelry before his summons by the Commander. Contrary to her wishes, the Queen was persuaded to appear at it. Followed by the King in his hunting dress she entered the saloon, and holding her son by his hand she walked on with tears in her eyes—radiant, but with some sadness on her brow. There was but one cry of enthusiasm when lifting the boy in her arms she went round the tables. "I was delighted with Thursday," she said afterwards. Two days later the King hunted at Merdon, and the Queen walked in her gardens of Trianon for the last time. The intriguers and demagogues of Paris seized on the occasion of the loyal demonstration. "If an insurrection is possible," Mirabeau had said, "it must be one in which women shall take the leading part." The Insurrection of women followed.

But the horde of women, and men disguised as women, which flowed forth from Paris on Versailles during the fifth and sixth of October were quieted by the King's reception of them, and not till next morning did the attack on the palace begin. Mysterious instigators to violence, who under their costume of market women wore silk stockings and fashionable shoebuckles, spread through the hungry mob. "Monsieur, the Dauphin, and the Duke of

Orleans are alone to be spared," was said by one of them, as the leaders of the crowd, armed with pikes, hatchets, and pistols, took the way of the Queen's apartments. "We want the Queen's skin to make ribbons!" was one of many like cries as the mob surged into her very bedroom. One of the Gardes du Corps, severely wounded, warned her to fly; and pale, half-dressed, she reached the King, who had come in search of her by a private passage. The Dauphin at the same instant was carried in by Madame de Tourzel. For the moment the danger had passed. La Fayette and the National Guard had arrived, and the palace was cleared. But the insurrectionists had not forgotten their main purpose. The King must be taken to Paris and become the prisoner of the rabble there. He was forced to appear at a balcony and promise that he would go. The Queen had remained in the private apartments leaning, says an eyewitness, against the frame of a window. At her right was Madame Elisabeth, and on her left, and clinging to her, was her daughter. Before her, standing on a chair, was the Dauphin, who repeated as he played with his sister's hair, "I am hungry, mother, I am hungry." The Queen was told that the people asked for her. "Be it so," she said. "If it be to death, I will go." She took her children by their hands and advanced. "The Queen alone—no children!" was unanimously shouted. Without hesitation she came forward, her hands crossed on her breast, and the threatening clamour ceased. One of the sudden reactions to which crowds give way followed, and the place resounded with applause and congratulation.

Soon after, by an accident, a gentleman came unannounced on the King, the Dauphin, and the Queen, as she was making some preparations for departure. "We are discussing how we can lodge our good Babet," she said, speaking of Madame Elisabeth. "We wish her lodged as well, and as near to us, as possible." The King did not speak; then suddenly rising and taking the Dauphin in her arms she said to her husband, "Promise me, I implore of you, promise me, for the welfare of France, for yours, for that of this dear child, that if similar circumstances recur, and that you can get away, you will not allow the occasion to escape." The King's eyes filled with tears; without speaking he left the room.

IV.

At one o'clock, the long procession of rioters, of haggard women, some of them astride on cannon, the Paris militia, bearing

on their bayonets loaves of bread, the pike-men, and the working men of St. Antoine formed themselves into a vanguard to the King's carriage. In it were the Queen, the royal family, and Madame de Tourzel. Then followed, bare-headed and captive, Gardes du Corps, soldiers, and the motley multitude that had gathered to see the slow progress of Louis XVI. from Versailles to the Tuileries. At nine o'clock the royal family arrived in Paris, and were lodged in the Tuileries. The palace had been entirely unoccupied since the minority of Louis XV., and the ancient tapestries and the worm-eaten furniture had not been even put in order for the King's reception. "Everything here is very ugly," said the little Dauphin. "My son," replied his mother, "Louis XIV. was contented to lodge here." The boy slept well, however, while Madame de Tourzel watched by his side and prepared for the anxieties of the morrow. Next day supplies of necessary furniture arrived from Versailles, and the Queen sent for her library. Louis only selected from his some books of devotion, and the history of a King whose fate haunted him—Charles I. During the months that followed the arrival of Louis in Paris the sky rapidly darkened over him and his. The rare days of kindly sentiment and popular welcome were generally followed by more rapid dissolution of all the bonds of society as it had existed in France. Fresh plots and fresh intrigues undid each effort at reconciliation between the Court and the people. The Dauphin, young as he was, found less and less liberty allowed him in the garden at the Tuileries. The respectful sentries of Versailles were replaced by the citizen soldiers of La Fayette. His childish prattle was checked; but his memory and instinctive tact were very great, and he soon learnt his untimely lesson of reticence before the spies that surrounded him.

Madame de Tourzel relates an infantine attempt at resistance that foreshadows the scenes of his revolt against Simon. "He wished to test what he had to expect of me, and to see if I dared resist him. He refused in consequence to do something I asked of him, and said with the greatest coolness, 'If you don't do what I desire I will scream; I shall be heard from the terrace, and what will be said?' 'That you are a naughty child.' 'But if my cries hurt me?' 'I will put you to bed, and will give you a sick person's diet.' On that he began to scream, to kick, and to make a fearful noise. I did not say a word to him. I had his bed made, and I asked for some broth for his supper. Whereupon he looked at me proudly, he ceased to scream, and said, 'I wanted to see in what way I could take you. I see that

there is nothing for me but to obey you. Forgive me, and I promise that this shall not happen again.' Next day he said to the Queen, 'Do you know who you have given me as my governess? She is Madame Severe!' Though he had great facility in learning what he chose, he disliked so much learning to read that he took no pains to succeed. The Queen said to him that it was shameful not to know how to read when he was four years old, and he replied, 'Well, mamma, I shall know how to read for your new year's gift.' At the end of November he said to his tutor, the Abbé d'Avaux, 'I must know how long I have before New Year's Day, because I have promised mamma to know how to read by then.' Finding that he had only a month left, he looked at the Abbé and coolly said, 'Give me, my dear Abbé, two lessons a day, and I will really try and do my best.' He kept his word, and went triumphantly to the Queen with a book in his hand. Throwing his arms round her neck, he said, 'Here is your new year's gift. I have kept my promise and I know how to read.'"

Notwithstanding the constant alarms, and the painful circumstances of his parents during their residence in the Tuileries, the education of the Dauphin went on regularly. He was taught religion, writing, history, arithmetic, geography, and botany. He was exercised in dancing and in tennis, and an attempt was made to preserve for him a corner of the Tuileries garden in which he might work and play with his pet rabbits. The same nook enlarged and walled, was afterwards allotted to the King of Rome by Napoleon, to the Duc de Bordeaux by Charles X. and to the Comte de Paris by Louis Philippe. The Dauphin was also given the command of a regiment of boys who, falling in with the excitement of the time, had enrolled themselves in a corps and played at soldiers as seriously as did M. de La Fayette's National Guard. The curious combination of sentiment and lawlessness which existed in the first years of the revolution was well marked in a present made by his youthful regiment to their titular Commandant. They brought him a box of dominoes made of the black marble that had been found in the ruins of the Bastille. The dice were, it was said, cut out of a fragment of a mantelpiece that had belonged to the room of the governor De Launay. Many civil speeches passed between the givers of this singular toy and the Dauphin, who had been taught to humour the fashion of the day; but he did not ask again for the dominoes, nor did the juvenile regiment long maintain its existence. "There are no longer any children," La Fayette had said. "Well, since we have seen so many old men with the vices of boys, it is

good to see children with the virtues of men." The saying appears to have turned the heads of the citizen children. They imitated their elders so well that the dissolution of their corps became necessary. A few days after the King's return from Varennes, the Royal Dauphin, or, as it was scoffingly called, the Bonbon, regiment, was reformed under the title of "Defenders of their Country's Altar."

Notwithstanding the Federation and its show, the new and infallible Constitution, and the quack cures tried on the sick time—perhaps by reason of them—royalty was fast losing all prestige. The little Prince had need play in his garden as unobservedly as might be, and be cautious in his words even to the poor who came with petitions to him. A woman who had some favour to ask one day said to him, "Ah Monseigneur, if I obtained this I should be as happy as a Queen." "As happy as a Queen!" replied the Dauphin looking sorrowfully at her. "I know one Queen who does nothing but cry."

He was trained to a great pity for distress by his mother, who took him to see hospitals and asylums and even to the garrets of the poorest, and taught him to save his pocket money for alms. He had large experience of life, for he had to play his part in the scenes of violence and of parade that alternated round the Tuileries. Now presented by the Queen to the applauding crowd in the Champ de Mars, and almost worshipped by the excited deputies from the provinces—now threatened and outraged on his way to St. Cloud and on his return from Varennes, the child's nerves must have been forced into precocious tension. Nor could he benefit from one great source of calm, even to children of his age. The free exercise of their religion was denied to his parents as early as the Easter of 1790. Perplexing and injurious must have been the spectacle of his father's enforced worship at an altar served by an unworthy clergy appointed by the Assembly and repudiated by Rome.

Among the various causes which decided the King to attempt escape from Paris, contrary, it is said, to the Queen's wishes, perhaps one of the most urgent was the outrage done to him as a Catholic. The letters of the Pope to him of the tenth of July and the thirteenth of September 1790, and the brief addressed to the Cardinals of the thirteenth of April 1791, left no option to Louis but either resistance to the Assembly or schism from Rome. Mirabeau had advised flight to a frontier town, but when the King at last planned his miserable journey to Montmedy, Mirabeau was dead, and the army had lost loyalty and

discipline. However, an attempt at escape was determined on—with what results all know. When the arrangements were complete the Queen went to the Dauphin's room and with some trouble awoke him. "Get up, you are to go to a fortified town where you will command your regiment." He jumped up immediately, exclaiming, "Quick! quick! let us make haste; give me my sabre and my boots, and let us go." He was hurriedly dressed in a little girl's frock and cap, a disguise which had been made for him some time before by Madame de Tourzel's daughter. "What is going to happen?" asked his sister Madame Royale. "I think," he replied, "that we are going to act a play, as we are disguised." Taking her children by the hand the Queen led them to the court, where a hackney coach was waiting, and committed them to Madame de Tourzel's charge. M. de Ferseu was their coachman, and while they waited for their parents and Madame Elisabeth he chatted and took snuff with an inquisitive comrade who happened to be there so as to ward off suspicion. The little prince, disguised as Madame de Tourzel's daughter, was hidden behind her dress, and had to be still for all the long hours of unfortunate delay that passed before the King and Queen succeeded in joining the party. He bravely kept silence, even when by accident Madame Elisabeth stepped on him as she got into the carriage.

"Ah, Charles," said his sister to him, when postmaster Drouet had detected the King, and the revolutionary mob had gathered round the wretched family at Varennes, "you were quite wrong, it is not a comedy." "I have seen it a long time," he replied in childish trouble and perplexity. As the hours passed in the grocer's shop at Varennes while the alarm bells rung, while royalists vainly planned desperate rescue and the swarming republicans increased in insolence and force, the children slept. The Queen showed them to the wife of the village mayor, who had taken on himself to detain the King. "Have you no children?" she sobbed in passionate appeal. "You think of the King," coolly answered the woman, "I of my husband."

The heat and fatigue of the return to Paris, during which the royal family suffered continual outrage from their captors and the rabble that followed them, brought on an attack of fever in the Dauphin. But no pity, no respite, was given for his cure. The murder of M. de Dampierre at the carriage door because he had kissed the King's hand with respect, the shouts and revilings of the crowd, were hardly sedatives to the nervous child. When Petion and Barnave, sent by the Assembly to meet

the King, got into the same carriage with the royal family, it is said that Petion, with coarse rudeness, pulled the hair of the Dauphin so as to make him cry. The Queen did not conceal her vexation. "Give me my son," she said—for the boy sat on Petion's knees in the crowded carriage—"he is used to care and to respect which have not prepared him for so much familiarity." Barnave, whose appearance was prepossessing, attracted the child. He perceived on the buttons of the deputy's coat some letters, and spelling them out he exclaimed, pleased with his discovery, "See mamma—look—'Live free or die!'" Finding the same inscription on all the buttons, he said, "Ah mother, everywhere 'Live free or die.'" Barnave was deeply touched. The Queen kept silence.

At last the procession reached Paris, in heat and dust that were almost unendurable. In the long line of militia that kept back the crowd the Queen looked in vain for one kindly face. "See, gentlemen," she said, "what a state my poor children are in. They are suffocating." The only answer was a voice from behind the soldiers, "We'll suffocate you in another manner." When the King arrived at the Tuileries there was a moment of extreme danger. The Queen bravely waited in the carriage until the others had got out. Then, almost carried by the Duc d'Aiguillon and the Vicomte de Noailles, who were popular with the mob, she ran for her life into the palace. Menon, also of the revolutionary party, took the Dauphin in his arms and preserved him for a fate worse than the worst fury of a mob could inflict.

V.

The circumstances of the King's journey were so invariably unfortunate that it has been said to have been contrived as a trap into which he should fall. After it Louis appeared to be paralysed, and he seems to have even infected his followers with his fatalistic belief in coming misfortune. And his condition certainly justified his depression. The closest watch was kept on his movements, the Queen could not go from her own apartment to visit that of her son without an escort of four national guards. Even her bounties to the poor were minutely supervised. A passing relief was felt when the Assembly had at last completed the new Constitution and when the King had accepted it. This transient gleam of popularity encouraged the royal family to visit the opera and one or two public places. Louis, anxious to please his masters and to avoid

suspicion, endeavoured to check the emigrant demonstrations on the frontier, and even to dissuade the Emperor Leopold from interference in the affairs of Paris. It is difficult to judge how far the King's actions were sincere and how far compulsory, but for a little time the expiring Assembly was pleased with him, and even asked him for his portrait in which he should be represented showing his son the Charter of the Constitution.

This Constitution contained an article providing for the education of a minor King and for that of a minor Heir apparent, but it was never acted on, and as soon as the King's captivity in the Tuileries became less strict the Abbé d'Avaux resumed his charge to the great satisfaction of his little pupil. "If I remember right," said the Abbé, "our last lesson was on the three degrees of comparison—but have you not forgotten all about it?" "Not at all," replied the child; "and to show you I have not, the positive is when I say, 'My Abbé is a good Abbé, the comparative when I say my Abbé is better than another Abbé, the superlative,'" he continued looking at his mother, "is when I say my mother is the best loved and most dear of all mothers."

The circumstances of his childhood had probably developed his intelligence, and though precocious sense is generally undesirable, it is difficult not to excuse it in the boy who had so short and troubled a span of existence, and who was at once the heir of Charlemagne, the grandson of Maria Theresa, and the apprentice of the Jacobin Shoemaker Simon. How deeply he had been impressed by the misfortunes of his parents is shown in a dozen stories of his childish observations. One day when he came to the question in *Telemachus*, one of his favourite books, "Who is the most unhappy of all men?" The Dauphin said, "Let me, Sir, reply to the question as if I were *Telemachus*. The most unhappy of men is a king who has the pain of seeing that his people no longer obey the laws." On another occasion as he was playing at a game which obliged each person to tell a story, "I know a funny one," he said when his turn came. "There was at the door of the Assembly a crier who sold its decrees as soon as they were printed. To spare his words he cried 'The National Assembly for a penny!' a passer-by joking said, 'My friend, you tell us what it is worth, but you don't tell us what it costs.'" The little Prince was however warned never to speak of anything that concerned the National Assembly.

The winter of '91-'92 passed in continuous attack by Jacobin intrigues on the existing government, and the new Constitution not having produced a golden age, its short-comings were chiefly

attributed to the royalist party. Nothing prospered in the troubled country, and the cry of treachery was raised without difficulty by the factious and ambitious members of the opposition. The attitude of Europe was menacing. Catharine of Russia had taken advantage of the confusion in France to march her troops on Poland and to threaten Constantinople. It is evident from a study of the diplomacy of the time, that Austria and Prussia did not regret sincerely the humiliation of the French monarchy. Who among the leaders of the Mountain were in the pay of the powers that profited by the weakness of France will perhaps never be known, but the events in eastern Europe coincident with the march of revolution at Paris leave little doubt of secret understanding between some of the chiefs of the clubs and one at least of the powers that threatened the Rhine frontier.

The popular wave that overflowed the Tuileries on the 20th of June 1792 was not so much an organised insurrection as an ebullition of the Paris rabble. It was not supported by the principal Jacobins, and was therefore perhaps all the more dangerous. But regicide had been distinctly planned and the King had made his will two days before. The Dauphin, now seven years old, was capable of appreciating the passive courage of his father, and the heroism of his mother and aunt, while exposed to insults and to imminent danger during the occupation of their apartments by the rabble. With his mother the boy had found safety from the pressure and violence of the crowd only by placing themselves behind the table in the Council-room. The Queen forced herself to put the cap of Liberty on the Dauphin's head, and so flatter into forbearance the long rout that defiled through the palace. From early morning until ten at night the "dangerous classes" of the fauxbourgs occupied the palace and held orgies before the royal family. Pikes, muskets, and swords glittered among the rags and pale faces of the motley crowd. Some women carried naked sabres and danced and sung the "*Ca ira*." Torn breeches were paraded on a stick, a calf's heart inscribed "the heart of an aristocrat," was carried by on a pike—there was an attempt to cut down the King, whose calmness alone preserved him. Obscene words and the worst utterances of the worst women rang in the children's ears, outrage appeared just verging on bloodshed when the Queen's answer to Santerre, the leader of the mob, turned for a moment the tide of hatred. "No one will hurt you," he said, "but it is dangerous to deceive the people." "I am

never afraid," she replied, "when I am with honest people." "How brave the Austrian is," was said, and for the time the danger to her life was averted.

When night came Louis and his family, to their inexpressible thankfulness, were again united, for during the presence of the rioters the king had been in a different apartment. Deputies from the Assembly crowded round them, half curious, half sympathetic, and questioned them at will. A knot gathered about the Dauphin and asked him several questions on French history. One of them mentioned the Night of St. Bartholomew. "Why speak of that?" said another, "there is here no Charles the Ninth." "Nor is there a Catharine de Medici," replied the boy. The quickness of his answers gained for him a great success. When next day the disturbances appeared likely to continue he said to his mother, "Is it still yesterday?" Still yesterday; and to be still the same scene of outrage and captivity for the three remaining years of the boy's life!

The November Meteors as observed at Rome.

BY FATHER SECCHI.

[We are not aware whether the following report on the meteors of November 14th has yet appeared in any English periodical. We believe it is one of the most important of all the records of the phenomena to which it refers.]

The usual display of shooting stars took place on the morning of the 14th of November, with greater magnificence than was ever before witnessed at our observatory. In former years we have always had cloudy skies, or the light of the moon, against us. This year, however, the sky was clear, and there was a light wind from the north. Three observers were engaged attentively from half-past two till day-break—that is to say till 5h. 45m. During the evening previous to the display only a small number of stars were to be seen, and the phenomenon was observed at its commencement.

The following table gives the number of stars observed, and the time :—

| | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|----|------|-------|-----|--------|
| From | 2.30 | a.m. | to | 2.45 | a.m., | 29 | stars. |
| " | 2.45 | " | | 3.0 | " | 50 | " |
| " | 3.0 | " | | 3.15 | " | 48 | " |
| " | 3.15 | " | | 3.30 | " | 84 | " |
| " | 3.30 | " | | 3.45 | " | 140 | " |
| " | 3.45 | " | | 4.0 | " | 148 | " |
| " | 4.0 | " | | 4.15 | " | 141 | " |
| " | 4.15 | " | | 4.30 | " | 208 | " |
| " | 4.30 | " | | 4.45 | " | 233 | " |
| " | 4.45 | " | | 5.0 | " | 264 | " |
| " | 5.0 | " | | 5.15 | " | 270 | " |
| " | 5.15 | " | | 5.30 | " | 330 | " |
| " | 5.30 | " | | 5.45 | " | 250 | " |

Total 2,204

The number of the stars, 2204, and their gradual increase, shows that we were near the maximum of their

finest display; but the true maximum could not be observed, as we were hindered by the morning light. This maximum probably occurred a little before or after sunrise, and the last number given above is too small, because at that time only the most brilliant stars could be seen, on account of the brightness of the dawn. For these reasons we are inclined to believe that the true maximum occurred at the time of sunrise. This question may be decided by the observations made in more westerly countries.

The point of divergence of all the stars was as usual, a part of the constellation Leo, circumscribed by the stars η , γ , ζ , μ , λ , but more particularly by the star ζ . The greater number of paths of the falling stars crossed at that point, and this was so marked that a very brilliant star appeared without a trail quite close to this star, leaving in its place a light cloud, which covered the star ζ for not less than five minutes. This singular star appeared about 3h. 50m. There can be no longer any doubt that the radiating point is in the neighbourhood of the star ζ . It is quite certain that it is not more distant from it than half a degree. This may also be inferred from the extreme shortness of the trajectories of the shooting stars in the neighbouring part of the heavens.

The irregular or "sporadic" stars were few, that is to say four or five at most. Two of them were seen in Orion, under Rigel, at a right-angle; another was perpendicular to the ecliptic, and passed by Cancer. The greater number of brilliant meteors, observed between 3h. 30m. and 4h. 30m, took a direction parallel to the ecliptic, across Taurus and Capricorn.

The stars were remarkable for their beauty and size they burst forth in great numbers, and exhibited tints of great splendour. They were for the most part green and red. Fully a third of the number appeared as large as Venus. Most of them moved with rapidity, and left a trail of short duration. Still the trails of some of them were very vivid, and lasted for some minutes. These trails, straight at first, gradually bent themselves into

most curious forms, some like the figure 7, others resembling bill-hooks. They took a northward direction, in opposition to the wind which blew *from* the north. One glorious star ought to be mentioned above all, which shot forth about 4h. 51m. a.m., close by Regulus, leaving behind it a cloud-like trail, narrow and short, in the form of a bow one degree or more in length: so great was its light that it could be examined with the spectroscope. It gave a discontinuous spectrum of very brilliant lines, especially in the red, the yellow, and the green. This bow moved on very slowly, widening gradually before it disappeared, so as to form a large circle close to the spot in Leo already mentioned. It seemed to me quite clear that the appearance was that of a spiral trajectory, seen in the line of its axis. Its luminosity lasted for fully ten minutes.

Many other trails were observed with the spectroscope, which gave the characteristic lines of sodium and magnesium. These lines, at all events, were very brilliantly displayed in two stars, which, quite unexpectedly, traversed the field of the spectroscope; even without the spectroscope the light emitted by them was coloured by the colours of the rainbow. This colouring was most remarkable in a star which appeared about 4h. 16m. and assumed the form of a large drop—at first red, then yellow, afterwards green and blue. It remained in the heavens as though suspended while burning for some seconds, in the constellation Corvus, after which it disappeared, leaving a brilliant and lasting trail.

About four o'clock the heavens appeared sensibly and generally illuminated, but the phenomenon soon disappeared. Such was the brilliancy of some of the stars that the horizon appeared to glow. Some of them left the appearance of a fire on the horizon. There can be no doubt that this effect must be attributed to the light of those stars which caught fire too low to be observed by us.

As we have in former years treated at some length of the theory of these bodies, we shall not now discuss the point, but will only remark that their exact periodicity is the best proof of their cosmical nature, and that the beautiful theory of Signor Schiaparelli, who assigns them a

common origin with the comets, is now borne out by fresh arguments. The proper light of these small bodies, which is discontinuous in the spectrum like that of comets, is another physical argument of their common origin.

The time of their maximum intensity does not quite coincide with the calculated time, but is a little later. It does not, however, lie outside the still uncertain limits within which their course can be foreseen. The appearance did not come near to that of the wonderful shower of fire witnessed in America, but we have at all events seen a phenomenon of most imposing beauty, which filled the soul with admiration and inspired elevated thoughts. Although we were three in number, we could scarcely count the stars, as they came, for the most part, in groups, and we cannot pretend to assert that our list is complete. The comparison of our observations with those of others will prove useful in calculating their course. We bestowed all possible care on determining their track, as the theory is based on this point, and on fixing their numbers in order to ascertain the time of the maximum. We might have made many other observations, but these would have been at the expense of the more essential points.

OBSERVATORY OF THE ROMAN COLLEGE,
Nov. 14th, 1868.

P.S.—The south wind which arose about noon, shows that the current in the higher regions of the air was directed towards the south, and that the trains of the inflamed meteors were carried southwards by that current.

Anne Séverin.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EVELYN had gone up to her room rather discomposed, and half inclined to take advantage of the offer of dining alone; but, after some hesitation, she made up her mind to face the enemy—not, however, till the last moment; and as she came into the drawing-room, Sylvain was opening the doors of the dining-room and announcing that dinner was ready. Her manner displayed a sort of defiant dignity, calculated to keep at a distance the unwelcome guest, and to make him understand at once that it would be vain to try and delude her by his wiles. As she left her room, she had glanced at the initials on her prayer-book, and she called to mind the words which had accompanied that present—"Above all things, beware of their Priests." Other words had been uttered at the same time, which had served to impress these very forcibly on her mind, and she resolved to act in the manner which this absent counsellor would have recommended. We do not venture to surmise what would have been the feelings of this unknown individual could he have seen Evelyn an hour after that majestic entrance sitting by the side of the Abbé Gabriel, and listening with the deepest interest to what he was saying. The old Curé and the Protestant young lady had at once become intimate, and seemed to take equal pleasure in the conversation they were holding together. How had this wonderful change been brought about? What had so suddenly destroyed Evelyn's preconceived resolutions?

The Curé had been for his part perfectly unconscious of her hostile demeanour. It was the first time he had been to the chalet since Guy's departure. His thoughts were quite engrossed by his dear children, as he called him and Anne, and he was so absent that, incredible as she would have deemed it, he had hardly looked at Evelyn till dinner was nearly over. But when M. Séverin filled his glass, and said, with a smile, to his young guest, "Allow me, Miss Devereux, to drink your health in the English fashion," the Curé turned towards her in a kind and friendly manner, and said, "And I also drink to your health, young lady. Your father, Mr. Henry Devereux, was my friend, and one of the best friends of my youth. I hope his daughter will permit me not to look upon her as a stranger."

Evelyn was thoroughly astonished. Her love for her father

was the strongest feeling of her heart, and the grief for his loss the uppermost thought in her mind. Though she liked M. Séverin, and was getting fond of Anne, Madame Séverin was the one of the family she most cared for, because she was the one who had known her father; but to find in the person of a Catholic Priest an old and attached friend of that beloved parent took her altogether by surprise, and she had not been able to collect her thoughts sufficiently to make any reply before M. Séverin had offered her his arm to return to the drawing-room. As to the Curé, he did not take any notice of the changes in Evelyn's countenance. The recollections of Elm Cottage, and of those who were associated in his mind with the early days of his Priesthood, had always been dear to him, and he liked to dwell on the memory of that little circle of friends, who were now all dead except himself and Madame Séverin. Therefore, when Evelyn, overcoming her shyness and her prejudices, ventured to ask him a few questions, he entered upon the subject with readiness, and supplied the young girl with details which gratified to the utmost her affectionate curiosity. Madame Séverin was not as fond as the Abbé Gabriel of talking of that time. To him, these reminiscences were a positive enjoyment, and he had not had for a long time so good an opportunity of indulging in them. Evelyn, on the other hand, craved for details, and multiplied her questions. The Curé, full of the thoughts of the past, and carried back to its interesting associations, was nothing loth to answer them, and Evelyn drew from him without difficulty the history of her father's intimacy with the family at Elm Cottage, and of its influence over his life and fate. She learnt for the first time, in this way, what had been the cause of his departure from England, and his choice of a career which separated him, as it proved, for ever from his country and his friends.

Evelyn devoured every word the Curé uttered, and when he ceased speaking, looked up at the picture over the chimney, and exclaimed, "And so it was that beautiful Marquise who drove him away from England! She, then, was the cause of his living and dying at a distance from me—of my never seeing him again!"

The way in which she spoke startled the Abbé Gabriel, and he regretted having said what she had taken up with a sort of resentment. He remained silent for a moment, and so did she. He was afraid of having committed an indiscretion. At last, in a gentle and almost humble manner, he said to her, "My dear young lady, you have made me talk as if I was thinking aloud. I have trespassed, I fear, on your good nature, and I beg your pardon for having been so garrulous."

Evelyn answered, in a respectful manner, "On the contrary, M. le Curé, I have to thank you for one of the greatest pleasures I have ever had. I cannot feel coldly towards any friend of my father's, and certainly not towards one who has told me so much about him, and given me so many interesting details about his.

early life." She rose and moved away, very much pleased with her new acquaintance. The Curé, on the contrary, did not feel quite satisfied, and watched her countenance with some uneasiness. She had gone near the pianoforte, and he saw her gazing on the picture of the Marquise de Villiers with a peculiar expression. As she sat looking at it, her hands wandered unconsciously over the keys. She played some chords, the sound of which seemed to startle her, for, as if shocked at what she had done, she blushed, and hastily moved away from the pianoforte.

Those few notes, however, had caught Madame Séverin's ear. Herself an excellent musician, she had no trouble to discern that they had been struck by an absent, but not unpractised hand. "Oh, please do not leave the pianoforte," she cried; and Anne, who also was passionately fond of music, got up, and taking hold of Evelyn's hand, playfully tried to lead her back to the instrument. But it was her turn to blush when Evelyn pulled her hands away, and with a very grave face sat down by the fireside. Anne also looked grave, for she now guessed the reason of Evelyn's abrupt refusal, and the whole party seemed rather distressed.

The Abbé Gabriel then went to the music-stand, and selected out of the pieces of music it contained one which he brought to Evelyn, and in a smiling and kind way he said, "To-day is Sunday, Miss Devereux, and you wish to practise, and to make us all practise, a little penance. Well, I do not want to say anything for or against it, but I wish you would do me a favour which will not go against your conscience."

Evelyn glanced with displeasure at the piece of music in his hand, and her face resumed the hostile expression it had worn before dinner. The Curé saw and understood it, but said, "If you will look at this piece, I do not think you will have any objection to sing it." Evelyn turned her head away, and waved her hand in token of refusal.

"You cannot suppose," the Abbé Gabriel said, in a grave manner, "that I would ask you to do what you would think wrong? I happen to know that this air of Handel's, and the words which are set to it, would be considered everywhere to be in keeping with your ideas of the sort of music suitable for a Sunday evening." He stopped an instant, and added, "No; though this was your father's favourite air, I should not have asked you to sing it if it had not been sacred music."

"Was my father fond of this?" Evelyn asked, seizing on the piece of music.

"Yes; he was always asking for it."

"Asking that Marquise to sing it, I suppose!" Evelyn exclaimed, glancing resentfully at the picture.

"There, again!" the Curé thought. "I had better have held my tongue."

Evelyn went to the piano, and said, "I wonder if I shall sing

it as well as she did." Then, placing her hands on the keys, she began at once, for there was no prelude, singing words beginning thus, "*Lascia ch'io pianga la dura sorte.*"

At the sound of her voice, Madame Séverin and Anne involuntarily rose. The Curé looked up surprised; and even M. Séverin, who had for the last half hour been deeply engaged with a newspaper, raised his eyes and listened. Evelyn had one of those voices which we do not hear perhaps more than once or twice in the course of our lives, and that seem to lift us up, as it were, above this earth. She was quite conscious of the possession of this gift, as well as of all her other advantages. A smile hovered on her lips whilst she sang; and when the song was ended, it was with evident satisfaction that she received the thanks of the little audience, whom she did not quite expect to find so worthy of her talent. To them, it was an event to hear such music. She saw this was the case, and, though accustomed to admiration, felt flattered at the effect she had produced. There is a strange sympathy between those who perform and those who listen to music—one more easily felt than described. A look, a word faintly uttered, or even an expressive silence, often convey this impression more effectually than the most vehement applause, and give the artist a pleasure beyond the mere sense of success. Evelyn experienced something of the sort after singing that evening. Her countenance became serene, and all clouds seemed to vanish away from her mind. She begged Anne to sing, which she did, simply and well. Her voice was sweet and clear, though by no means to be compared with Evelyn's; but the two harmonised very well, and they sang together several pieces of sacred music. Evelyn was delighted, and anticipated much enjoyment from the discovery of their mutual love of music.

Anne went up to her room pleased that the evening had after all gone off so well, and that Evelyn and the Curé were friends; but she had other anxious thoughts. Throwing open her window, she stood gazing on the sky, as she was always in the habit of doing when she particularly wanted to think or to pray. And that night she did want to commune with herself—to question her own heart. When Evelyn had asked her if she knew Guy, and if she liked him, why had she blushed, and then felt that she had turned pale? Why had she not written to Guy since he had gone away, as she always used to do? Why had she so much trouble to follow the Curé's advice, which at first had seemed so easy and pleasant? She rested her hands on the railing of her little balcony. The night which had succeeded that early spring day was cold and hazy. Her gaze seemed to penetrate beyond the dim outline of the veiled landscape. Her countenance, her attitude, everything about her, seemed to indicate the pursuit of some thought she was determined to detect and to master. At last she sat down at her table and wrote a letter, which, after reading it over very attentively, she sealed and directed. When

this was accomplished, kneeling where she could see the sky and the stars, she said her night prayers, with her eyes and her heart raised far above this world.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANZ FRANK's lodging in Paris was at the top of a house which looked on the gardens of the Luxembourg. He occupied the whole of the highest floor. The three rooms to the south he had thrown into one, and changed into a large studio. One part of this space was, however, divided from the other by a curtain, and called the drawing-room, because it was free from easels, lay figures, stretched canvas, and unfinished sketches; not, in short, in the glorious disorder which is considered the attribute of artists, little as it has often to do with art. That side of the studio had a separate door, and those of Franz's visitors whom he did not admit to his sanctum came that way. What with a couch and armchair, books on the table, and plenty of sunshine, that partitioned saloon was pleasant enough. The curtainless window freely admitted the light, and looked on the green foliage and beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg.

Franz was not, as the Marquis de Villiers had said, the son of a Jewish usurer. His father was a Jew indeed, but an honest tradesman of Mannheim—not at all rich, but much respected in his native town. He had renounced Judaism in order to marry the pretty daughter of the chapel-master, Wolf Barkheim, but he had requested to become *only* a Protestant, which had been agreed to on condition that his and Thecla's children should be brought up Catholics; and, with this stipulation, the marriage took place, rather against the wish of the chapel-master, who would have desired for his youngest daughter as brilliant a match as he considered his eldest daughter had made when she married M. Lamigny. At Mannheim, this alliance was supposed to be a wonderful stroke of fortune, and Mdle. Barkheim to have attained the height of worldly grandeur. A Frenchman, and an *émigré*, was of course a great nobleman, and after M. and Madame Lamigny had left the country this impression still prevailed. When, after the lapse of eight or ten years, she returned as a widow to her native place, there did not appear any notable signs of the great position she was supposed to occupy, though she seemed, nevertheless, very comfortably off. Not so her poor sister. Thecla was sinking at that moment under the weight of a series of misfortunes. Poverty and fatigue had brought her to the grave. Her husband did not long survive her, and good Madame Lamigny arrived just in time to take charge of little Franz, who would have been otherwise quite abandoned. She brought him back to France with her, and he remained entirely under her care. She was fully aware of her own incapacity to educate her nephew; she could neither manage him nor teach

him. She therefore sent him to college, and though he did not apparently succeed in his studies, and had no prizes to boast of when he came home for the holidays, she was not the less enraptured to see him, nor did she cease to prophesy future triumphs for her darling.

Franz was, meanwhile, but a poor scholar. Absent, inattentive, and idle, he seemed to care for nothing but history—which was badly taught at his college—and poetry, his taste for which he could only indulge by poring during play hours over an odd volume of Schiller. Continually punished by his masters, and teased and laughed at by his companions, he was nevertheless a favourite with them all, though looked upon as stupid, and ready to believe it of himself. His aunt's persevering faith in his abilities alone kept him from despairing of his own capacity; and this state of things continued till at last, in a manner quite unforeseen, her predictions were suddenly realised. A portfolio, in which Franz carefully concealed the drawings which he used to make chiefly during the hours of study, fell into the hands of the college authorities. When he saw the fatal collection in his professor's possession, he gave himself up for lost; and, though more than fifteen years of age, the tears came into his eyes, and he was about to promise "never to do it again," when to his extreme surprise he heard the professor, who happened to be a good judge of art, exclaim, "But this is not talent only—there is genius in these sketches!"

From that moment Franz's line was taken, and at twenty-five years of age he was already a distinguished painter. What was his outward lot we have seen. As to his thoughts, his opinions, and his feelings, he seldom gave them utterance; and if his works revealed the inward fire burning in his soul, his words scarcely ever betrayed its existence. His voice was low and sweet; his language measured, and never remarkable except when some sudden emotion powerfully excited him. He worshipped his art with all the strength of his genius, and, though he could succeed without effort, he spared no pains to excel. This passionate love of a noble pursuit had been his safeguard, and had to a certain degree supplied the place of religious principles, which he did not possess. His childhood had been in contact with three different creeds, and in consequence he grew up with no definite belief; but he did not display or exult in this scepticism—on the contrary, he was rather ashamed of it than otherwise. He admired the earnest and deep faith of the Christians of past ages—he envied those who possessed it in our days; and this was one of the reasons of his respect and affection for Guy. Though he did not yet believe in Christianity, he loved those who did. His virtues were leading him to faith, whereas Guy's faith was leading him to virtue.

Franz was one morning painting in his studio, when the door of what he called his drawing-room opened, and, even before

the curtain was drawn aside, he recognised Guy by his step. Generally he came in straight by the private door of the studio, but he did not seem in so great a hurry as usual to meet Franz, whereas Franz, on the contrary, had apparently been anxiously expecting him, for he threw away his palette and brushes, and rushed into the little saloon to meet him. "Well, what was the result of the visit?" he eagerly inquired.

Guy seated himself by the window, with his hands in his pockets and his head turned the other way. Franz repeated his question. "I did not pay the visit," Guy answered, shortly.

Franz drew entirely back the curtain which separated the drawing-room from the studio, and went back to his easel. In a few minutes, he said, raising his voice a little, "I suppose you will presently tell me why you did not go?"

"Presently," Guy replied; and after another long silence he walked slowly into the studio, took off his hat, which he put in a fit of absence on the head of a Venus of Milo, and then stood leaning against the wall with his hands crossed on his chest. At last he said, "I changed my mind about calling on M. de St. Roger."

"And why so? He was expecting and wishing to see you."

"On second thoughts, I made up my mind that I did not care about going with him; so I wrote to say that he had better look out for another travelling companion. He will easily find one."

"Of course he will," Franz answered. "There will be plenty of people ready to jump at the opportunity of visiting the East with so learned and agreeable a man. And may I ask why you changed your mind?"

"Because I did not wish to go," Guy answered, in a dogged manner.

"Oh, well! in that case there is nothing more to be said," Franz replied. "What did you do last night?"

"I went to d'Hérion's, whom I met after leaving my note at M. de St. Roger's."

"And did you play?"

"Yes."

"And lost?"

"No; won, I am sorry to say."

"What do you mean?" Franz asked, looking surprised.

"I did not want to win. I was absent, and played very badly; but a cursed run of luck brought all the good cards into my hands, and I found myself pocketing the money of a poor wretch who was evidently miserable at losing it, and who ought not, I am afraid, to have risked it. As we were going down stairs I did so long to give it back to him. I do not care about play, but sometimes I feel such a want of excitement; and it seemed to me so stupid yesterday to go off alone with M. de St. Roger. Franz, I am quite afraid that I shall say what I have thought other people such fools for saying, 'Life is a burthen to me!' I

do not mean that there are not moments in which it seems to me very fascinating—when every kind of temptation, as we Christians call those fascinations, present themselves thickly enough; but when it comes to the point—well, I always feel that it is, after all, more satisfactory to conquer than to indulge passions. There are falls which some people call by other names, but which, as far as I am concerned, would always appear to me like defeat and disgrace."

"You have a strong and generous soul, Guy. No mean passions will ever keep it in thrall. If they were to rise for a moment, you would always know how to subdue them."

"Always, do you think? Well, perhaps so, with God's help; and when I use that expression, you know I really mean what I say. Indeed, a few hours spent with M. le Vicomte d'Hérion are of infinite service to me in that respect. Oh, those men of the world, those dandies, those 'lions,' as they call them now!" Guy began to walk impatiently up and down the room. "I cannot describe what an aversion I have for that fellow. How he bores me with his long stories all about himself, and his insufferable conceit. He despises everything he ought to respect, and knows nothing he ought to know. Oh, no; wickedness of that kind has no attractions for me."

Franz was listening attentively to what Guy was saying, but did not make any comments. He liked to hear him think aloud, and to be silent himself; but it was an expressive silence, full of sympathy and intelligence. His friend always knew he was listening to him, and feeling with him.

"No," Guy went on, "it is not what goes by the name of pleasure that is a danger for me. My real danger would be to fall foolishly in love, madly in love—to waste my heart, my life, nay, lose my soul perhaps, through a wild extravagant passion." Franz bent his head in token of assent. "And it was on that account," Guy added, in a tone of bitterness, "that I wanted, at the very outset, to bind myself to a pure and holy love. I did not care to go and run all over the world after happiness, but to secure at once what had been my earliest, sweetest, and dearest idea of it——" He stopped short, and his eyes happened to glance at the picture which Franz was working at. "What is that picture?" he asked.

"It is an order I had some time ago at Rome, for the chapel of a convent. I get on slowly, for I only take it up at long intervals."

"It is very beautiful," Guy said.

"No; not beautiful a bit," Franz answered. "It is very bad." And throwing down his brushes, he sat down before his easel, looking at his work with a dissatisfied expression. "I know, I feel it is bad. Look at that copy of the Madonna of John of Fiesole, against the wall there. Only look at that face! We should not have thought it perhaps a very beautiful or pretty one

had we met it on earth; and yet it is scarcely possible to look at that picture and not wish to kneel before it. Where, I wonder, did the painter find that mysterious and divine expression, which he cannot have seen in any living model?"

"I have no doubt he found it, my dear Franz, where you cannot find it, because you have not the faith he had. Faith was the secret of his genius."

Franz coloured a little, and answered, "When not to believe is a suffering, ought not that suffering, like any other pain, to purify the soul, and to give it some of those lights which the great masters of my art have found in their faith? I quite admit, you know, that they did so, and for that very reason I look up to them with admiration."

"But really," Guy said, "you are unjust to yourself. There is something very beautiful in this picture. The expression of the eyes, the shape of the head——" He stopped, and then exclaimed, "But I say, Franz—that look! I did not know at first why it struck me so much—but it is Anne's look. Those are her features, her countenance. If she had sat for it, it could not be more like!"

"Do you think so?" Franz said, with a little embarrassment.

"Of course I do. Come, Franz, you cannot deny the likeness. Is it an accident, or did you intend it?"

Franz did not answer at once. He considered a little, and then said, "Neither one nor the other, I think. I did not exactly intend to draw a portrait; but in reviewing with the eyes of my soul, as our dear Shakespeare says, the most celestial countenances which could help me to compose this picture, it is not wonderful that a poor wretch, who cannot raise his eyes above this earth, should have depicted, as it were unconsciously, the most heavenly countenance he has ever come across in this world."

"You are quite right," Guy replied. "I could almost say of Anne what you did just now of the Madonna of Fra Angelico. There is nothing majestic or grand about her, and yet one would like to kneel at her feet."

"Her whole soul is revealed in the expression of her eyes," Franz said.

"Yes," Guy answered, with some agitation; "and therefore the feelings she inspires are unlike any other feelings of the sort; and one has a right to expect from her what could hardly be looked for in others."

"What do you mean?" Franz asked.

"I mean, that it would make me more unhappy if she left off loving me as a brother, than that she should have refused to marry me. Generally, when a disappointment of this kind occurs, it is impossible for any other feeling to continue and subsist; but this is not the case with Anne, or with me. I hardly know how to make you understand what I mean. I cannot do without

Anne. She is necessary to me. If I cannot have her for my wife, I must have her for a friend. She is to me a sort of second conscience; and since I have lost sight of her, and that she has left off writing to me, as she always used to do, I have doubts about myself, and miserable thoughts, which almost drive me to despair. Yesterday, as you know, I wanted to travel off to the end of the world; to-day, I cannot endure the thought of going. I must see her, and talk to her."

Both the young men were gazing on the picture, which seemed to grow life-like under the silent gaze of the one and the excited words of the other. It was really a wonderful picture. "I feel as if she were here!" Guy exclaimed; "and as if she could hear me."

A knock at the door interrupted this contemplation. Franz's servant came in with a letter, which M. le Marquis' valet had brought for his master. Guy took it in a careless manner, but as soon as he caught sight of the writing, he exclaimed, "Franz, I declare! Here is a wonder. Your picture already works miracles. I was dying to see her handwriting again, and here is a letter from Anne!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVELYN was at the pianoforte, humming, one after the other, the airs of *Il Pirata*, Bellini's last opera, whilst Anne, sitting at the window, was admiring the beautiful hues of the setting sun, and enjoying that lovely music which now for the first time had reached the chalet. Rossini was still in all the height of his fame, and Bellini, his young successor, just beginning to be known. The admirers of the first, the older amateurs of that day, held, indeed, the new composer very cheap; and we willingly admit that their great maestro will ever remain the most famous of the two. But for the contemporaries of Anne Séverin, Bellini is the favourite songster, whose melodies seem to embody their youthful emotions. It is to them what Dante said of Virgil's poetry, "the wide stream of language," harmoniously expressing the feelings of their hearts, and in after years conjuring up sweet or sad memories, according as time has dealt with the hopes, the joys, and the dreams of the past.

It had rained all day, but towards evening the clouds had passed away, and the sun was setting with such splendour that its rays illuminated the little drawing-room, and threw a singularly vivid radiance on the picture over the chimney.

Evelyn suddenly stopped playing, and exclaimed, "What a strange effect of light! Do you see it, Anne?"

No, Anne had been looking the other way, and when she turned round the light had vanished; but she said, "I know that at this hour that picture is often illuminated in a strange way by the sunset rays. I have often remarked it."

"It is quite curious what a life-like appearance the light gave to that beautiful face. It reminded me of a dream I had some days ago."

"About the Marquise de Villiers?"

"Yes. I thought I saw her in tears."

"In tears? What an odd dream!" Anne said, with a little emotion.

"Yes, I thought I was sitting at the pianoforte singing, when suddenly her large blue eyes filled with tears, and when I tried (still in my dream) to go on singing, I could not get out a note. And it was the efforts which I made to articulate which awoke me."

Both the girls remained silent for a little while, and Evelyn began running her hands over the keys, but she soon stopped, and asked, "Is Guy de Villiers like his mother?"

Anne hesitated a little, and then said, "Yes, he is like her."

"He must be very handsome, then."

"Yes, I believe he is very handsome."

"You believe? Does that mean that you are not sure of it?"

Anne laughed. "Well, it is as it was about the chateau. I did not like to praise it, because I have had no opportunity of comparing it with other places. And in the same way I think Guy very handsome, but there may be many other young men in the world as handsome as he is." In spite of all her efforts, Anne's voice shook a little as she uttered these words, and her mouth quivered when she tried to laugh.

Evelyn, who was sitting on the music-stool with her back to her, suddenly turned round, without, however, leaving her seat, and was thus brought opposite to the window and near Anne, whose profile and figure stood in relief against the sky, where the hues of the departing sun were still lingering. "Come, tell the truth, Anne," she said. "This young man whom you have known all your life, whom you are very fond of, and whom you think so very handsome, are you not going to be married to him?"

If there had been light enough for Evelyn to see the face of her friend, she would perhaps have been very sorry for the pain her indiscretion inflicted, for not only did Anne become crimson, but there was a look of suffering in her countenance. She recovered herself, however, very quickly, and answered in words strikingly similar to those her father had used on a similar occasion. "My dear Evelyn, I should be very angry if anybody but you had supposed such a thing. No, I certainly am not going to be married to the Marquis de Villiers. I love him as a brother; but my ever marrying him is quite out of the question."

"Indeed!" Evelyn said, rather surprised.

"Yes, quite out of the question. So if you wish to lay siege to his heart, you are quite at liberty to do so; you will not find in me a rival." She affected to laugh, but no sooner had those last words passed her lips than she felt a sort of remorse. It

seemed as if she had uttered an untruth. But there was no time to dwell upon the thought, for Evelyn immediately replied, in a way she did not at all expect, "Oh, as to me, it would be equally out of the question. I will tell you a secret, Anne; I know you will not betray my confidence." She lowered her voice, and whispered, "I am engaged to be married."

Anne's surprise was great, but it was greater still when Evelyn added, "And, indeed, the Marquis de Villiers' likeness to his mother would be enough to set him against me; I quite hate the sight of that fair Marquise."

Sylvain came in just then with the lamp in his hand. Evelyn started up, exclaiming that she had barely time to dress for dinner, leaving Anne in perfect astonishment. She had been surprised first by Evelyn's abrupt question, and then by her equally abrupt announcement of her engagement; but the last words she had said, beyond anything else, had amazed and distressed her. She held nothing more sacred and dear than the memory of Guy's mother. She remembered her as a vision of grace and beauty which had vanished from this world on a day hallowed by the sweetest and holiest recollections. The two impressions, that of her's and Guy's first approach to the altar of God, and the death of his fair and gentle mother, were for ever connected together in her mind. No terror was associated with that peaceful end; no doubt as to the place of that pure spirit's abode entered the minds of the children, and the name of "angel," so often given to Charlotte in the days of her youth, was then applied to her by childish and loving lips with all the simplicity of youthful faith. What Evelyn had said sounded, therefore, almost like blasphemy in Anne's ears, and gave her for the moment a feeling of aversion to her.

The post, which arrived at the chalet towards the end of breakfast the next morning, brought Anne a letter from Guy. She was expecting it, and so took it from her father's hands without any apparent emotion. As she was reading, it, however, her colour went and came, and she glanced to see whether Evelyn was watching her; but Miss Devereux had likewise received a letter, and, as soon as she saw the handwriting, had hurried away from the table, and stood by the window absorbed in its contents. Anne had, therefore, only the brunt of her mother's eyes to encounter, and their loving inspection she never wanted to escape from. As soon as she had finished reading Guy's letter, she handed it to Madame Séverin, and they both went into the drawing-room.

Guy wrote as follows:—"You did well, very well, to write to me—that is, if you care enough for your old playfellow to be anxious that he should remain worthy of your friendship. Do you remember, Anne, that when we were children you used to tell me I must be good, because, if I was naughty, it made you cry? Well, I can assure you that if you had not been sensible

enough to write to me, I should have given you reason to cry more, perhaps, than you suppose. You say that I must promise never to speak to you again *in that way*. Well, then, on your side, you must promise to behave to me exactly as you used to do before that day."

At the end of his letter he spoke of a journey to Italy with Franz, but added: "Before I start, I must go to Villiers for many reasons, but chiefly to see you again, and to take leave of you in a different manner from the last time."

Madame Séverin read the letter through, and then gave it back to her daughter. They went into the garden, and walked up and down. After a few minute's silence, she said, "Then I suppose we shall soon see him again."

"Yes. I am very glad he is coming," Anne replied; "after we have been together for a few days, this tiresome feeling of constraint between us will pass away. Yes," she added, after a pause, "I am sure it will vanish like a dream."

Madame Séverin did not feel so certain of it, and other thoughts were in her mind. She put her arm round her daughter's waist, and said, "Your father is vexed when he sees how unhappy Guy is, and you also, dear child."

"What do you mean, mamma?" Anne exclaimed.

"I mean," Madame Séverin answered, in a slow, deliberate manner, "that in time, perhaps, he may be inclined to change his mind."

But Anne quickly interrupted her mother. "Oh, do not say that, dearest mamma; you ought not to say so." She stopped for a minute—her heart was beating fast, and she did not want even her mother to hear that her voice trembled. "No, you ought not to say so," she repeated, "for my father is quite right, and if he changed his mind it would be wrong."

Anne was quite sincere in what she said. She had not merely submitted to her father's will; from the moment his reasons had been explained to her, she had understood and acquiesced in his view of the subject. She had made it her own, and was resolved to adhere to it at any cost. Madame Séverin, struck by the earnestness with which she had spoken, said nothing more. In the present state of things it perhaps was fortunate, she thought, that Anne did take so decided a line on that question; and not caring to continue the conversation, she went back to the house, leaving her daughter near the little gate of the garden, where, a few months before, she had so anxiously awaited her father's return on the day of the Marquis de Villiers' death.

All that had occurred since that time was now recurring to her mind. Her mother had been right when she said she could easily have loved Guy more than a brother, more than a friend. Those few words he had said to her on the evening they had parted, his way of looking and speaking to her, had thrown suddenly a light on her own heart; she felt that she loved Guy more than she ought or wished to do.

So that now she was obliged to moderate, to subdue even that affection which had hitherto been a part of her life. She had to remain his friend, and not to care for him too much; to give up his love, and yet cling to his side; to lose him, and yet continue to act as his guardian angel—the name he had so often given her.

All this was enough to agitate a soul little used to inward troubles and complicated duties. So profound was her fit of musing, that although her eyes were fixed on the path across the meadow, it was some time before she noticed that the gate of the park of Villiers had opened, and that somebody was coming from it towards the chalet. But the moment she perceived it, Anne guessed rather than saw that it was Guy. Her strength seemed to fail, and she was on the point of turning towards the house, but then the thought occurred, "What used I to do formerly when I saw him coming?" and by a strong effort of the will she opened the gate and walked to meet Guy. Her paleness disappeared as she advanced towards him; he only saw in her face a look of joy such as would have greeted him in old days. She held out her hands, and exclaimed, "And so you are really come, my dearest Guy! What a pleasure it is to see you again, and before we expected you."

Guy had not anticipated this sort of welcome, and Anne instantly perceived it had wounded him. When they had shaken hands, his hand trembled a little, and in his eyes there was a tender and sweet expression, but it suddenly changed. The most consummate artifice would not have deceived him more as to Anne's feelings than her artless and frank greeting. He did not see through it the generous effort which would have consoled and encouraged him. His expectations were deceived, and letting go her hand, he said, in a voice which sounded harsh and cold, in consequence of the constraint he was putting on himself, "Yes. There has been a change in our plans which hastened my return here, and I left Paris without leaving myself time to write. I have just come, and as I wanted to see your father, I am making my way as quick as I can to the chalet."

Anne's heart sank within her. She was just going to say something which would have betrayed her feelings; but it was not uttered, and she walked by the side of Guy silently, and with a sorrowful countenance. His brow was dark with clouds, which in former times would have betokened a storm, but now only indicated a hard and trying inward struggle. He too did not speak, for he was resolved not to do so till he could master his irritation. But when they came to the gate of the garden, he at last said: "I must beg you to forgive me, Anne. I was about to break both my promises; but I will not forget myself again. Good-bye."

"But, Guy, did not you want to speak to my father?" she timidly asked.

"Not now," he answered. "You can tell them, if you like,

that I have arrived, and that I will call in the evening. I promise that you will be satisfied with my behaviour."

He turned away, and disappeared so quickly, that when Anne, who had remained motionless for a few instants, looked back, he was already out of sight.

As she was going slowly up-stairs, after having informed her parents of Guy's arrival, it occurred to her that it would be well also to tell Evelyn of it. But she did not find her in her room; she had gone out to walk, as she usually did after finishing her letters, and was probably looking in the park for Anne, who generally went out with her at that time. As she was leaving the room, Anne's eyes fell on a letter lying on the table, sealed, and directed to "Lord Vivian Lyle, Hartleigh House, London." It immediately struck her that the initials on Evelyn's Bible were V. L. "I suppose he is the person she told me of," passed through her mind, and then she thought no more of it.

CHAPTER XXX.

As Guy was coming home after leaving Anne, he met his groom, who was bringing his horse to the chalet. He got on Samid's back, who seemed to understand his master's mood at that moment, and dashed off at a pace quite in keeping with his impetuous and undisciplined feelings. Often in his father's lifetime, after some violent scene with him, Guy had thus vented and ridden off, as it were, his vehement irritation. On these occasions he liked to attempt the most hazardous feats, and, in the excitement of the moment, to dwell on the idea of what his father would say if he should happen to break his neck, and wonder whether he would not then reproach himself for his death. These transient thoughts had been severely punished, at the time when he had been compelled with anguish to ask himself a similar question.

And yet, as he was galloping with reckless carelessness on that day, when he was angry with Anne, a thought of that sort shot through his mind. "Suppose I was to fall and break my neck on these stones," he said to himself, "what would be her feelings?" And during the space of an hour he went tearing about the country, thinking of what he called her heartlessness, her coldness, her ingratitude, and making up for the constraint he had put upon himself during their brief interview by abusing her, and murmuring between his teeth the most reproachful epithets. Samid did not relax his pace while this fit of passion was raging in his master's breast. He seemed quite prepared to enter into his feelings, and to carry him if he liked to the end of the world. But Guy, after a while, came to his senses; his mood softened, and he felt a little ashamed of having been so nearly flying into a

passion with Anne. He pulled up his horse, and turning into a road which led through a wood back to the park of Villiers, he rode on slowly, and began to reflect more dispassionately on what had so much irritated him.

For after all, what had he so much wished for, what had he so earnestly asked Anne to grant him when he wrote to her from Paris, but to find her just what she had been to him before the day which had suddenly altered the character of their intercourse? He called this to mind as he was arriving at the furthest gate of the park on the opposite side from the lodge near the chalet.

He got off his horse to open it, and walked on, absorbed in his thoughts, with the bridle hanging loosely on his arm. His reverie was interrupted by suddenly coming, as he turned a corner in the road, upon two large trunks of trees blown down during a recent storm, and lying across the road, so as effectually to block up the way. Guy looked right and left. There was a high hedge on both sides of the alley up to the spot where the trees had fallen. It did not seem to extend much further. He could, indeed, have scrambled over one of those hedges and through the thick under-wood back to the road beyond the impediment, but he could not have dragged his horse after him. The gate he had left behind was already at a considerable distance, and if he had retraced his steps, and gone all the way round, he would not have got home till very late. So he measured with his eye the obstacle in his way. Very often he had jumped over quite as high a fence, but in this case he did not feel quite certain of the nature of the ground on the other side. But after a moment's hesitation, he mentally exclaimed, "Come, I'll run the chance rather than toil all the way round!" and springing into the saddle, he seized the reins, made Samid curve, and brought him back to the barricade. In a second, horse and rider were both on the other side of the obstacle; but at the same moment, Guy heard a scream which showed there was somebody in that alley whom his sudden appearance had frightened. He stopped his horse, and looked about him. At first he could not see any one, but soon he perceived a young girl kneeling on the grass among the trees, and trying to disengage her dress from the furze-bushes in which it was entangled.

Guy went up to her, took off his hat, and apologised for the fright he had given her. The young girl looked up, and at the sight of her face Guy gave a little start. She blushed, and then quickly rising from her knees, and tearing her gown away, she made a bow to him, and hastened down a narrow path immediately opposite to where they stood. Guy remained at the place where she left him, bewildered at this sudden apparition.

The only time he had thought at all of Henry Devereux's daughter, he had pictured her to himself as a child, and it did not occur to him now that it was she whom he had seen. Everything combined at that moment to give a romantic character to the fair

vision which had crossed his path, and to heighten the impression which Evelyn's wonderful beauty made upon him. As he slowly wended his way homeward, all sorts of confused thoughts passed through his mind. A new kind of feeling, an eager curiosity, a strange interest had taken the place of his previous agitation. Anne disappeared as if by magic from his waking dream, or if he thought of her at all, it was in connection with a marvellous fairy tale they used to read together when they were children, and in which was described just such a meeting as had now taken place between him and the beautiful stranger.

Evelyn, on the other hand, had hastened back to the chalet not one whit less excited by her adventure. "I have just had such a fright!" she said to Anne, as she walked into her room.

"Where, and of what sort?" Anne asked, not greatly agitated by the announcement, which was made with a look of evident satisfaction.

"In the park, on the edge of the wood. A young man with large blue eyes and curly brown hair terrified me dreadfully. He and his horse seemed to fall from the skies into the alley where I was walking."

"It must have been Guy," Anne quietly said.

"Guy!" exclaimed Evelyn; "the Marquis de Villiers—is he here, then?"

"Yes, I met him this afternoon; I went to your room to tell you so, but you were flown."

Evelyn thought a little, and then said, "What, that is the Marquis de Villiers, then! He is very handsome—there is no doubt about that; his figure is very good. I had imagined him a different sort of looking person." She mused a little, and then added, "Yes, I went out a little earlier than usual. I had written a long time, and my head ached; I wanted air." She put her hand up to her forehead. "The walk has not done me any good though, nor the fright either. My head aches dreadfully; I must get some rest. I shall close the curtains, shut my eyes, go without dinner, and be quite well in the evening."

At eight o'clock, Guy arrived. Evelyn was not in the drawing-room. He was received by M. and Madame Séverin and the Curé, who had come to bid him welcome, and Anne, who saw at once that his mood had changed since they had parted.

Guy began by telling them that an aunt of his, or rather a cousin of his mother's, the Vicomtesse de Nébriant, had bought a place in the neighbourhood, and that she had resolved to pay him a visit, in order to watch over the improvements she was making in her new home, before settling in it. He had been obliged to set off at once to prepare the chateau for her reception. "It is very tiresome," he added; "but when my dear cousin—who, by the way, does not at all care to be called my aunt—takes an idea into her head, it is easier to submit than to struggle. So I acquiesced at once; and, so far, I am glad to have had a good

reason for returning here a month sooner than I had intended. And now do tell me if you can, who is the beautiful apparition I met in the park to-day—the loveliest vision that I ever set eyes on.”

Anne smiled, and answered, “A similar question was put to me a short time ago—at least, as far as the mention of an apparition. You were also taken for a phantom, Guy, but a rather alarming one.”

“You know her, then?” Guy eagerly cried. “Who on earth is she, and how comes it that there should be such a beautiful girl in this neighbourhood, and that I should never have seen or heard of her?”

“But did you not know, dear Guy,” Madame Séverin said, “that we were expecting a visit, which was a kind of bequest from your father—the daughter of his friend?”

“The girl that you had invited here when I went away? But I thought she was a child; and the person I saw to-day in the park must be eighteen or nineteen—a tall, fair, slim creature, beautiful beyond description.”

The door opened at that moment, and the object of his admiration came in. Guy rose, and Evelyn gave a little start. She did not expect to meet him so soon in so intimate a manner. They were introduced to each other. The meeting in the park was talked of, and laughed over. The evening passed pleasantly enough. All resentment against Anne seemed to have vanished from Guy's mind. A new, sudden, strange feeling had taken possession of him; one of those impressions which, in an instant, do the work of years. He left the chalet that evening over head and ears in love with Evelyn Devereux; and if Anne did not know it yet, a vague uneasiness, an unaccountable depression, was already casting a shadow on her future.

Anglican Sacerdotalism.

III.

THE chief difficulty which besets such questions as that involved in the claim of a portion of the Anglican clergy to the condition and prerogatives of the Catholic Priesthood, appears to lie in the complex character of the considerations on which the resolution of those questions must depend. It cannot be denied in the first place, that these considerations are, in one aspect, strictly historical. It is a question of fact, whether or not the founders of the present Anglican hierarchy and clergy possessed the true episcopal character, whether they intended to convey that character to their successors, and the priestly character to their clergy, whether they took the proper means for doing this, whether the same intention has continued from generation to generation in their successors, and whether these successors, likewise, have used the proper means for carrying that intention into effect. The question of fact, as thus stated, is far wider and more extensive than it has usually been supposed to be by Anglican writers—even those of our own day—who have been content to rest the defence of their "Orders" upon the validity of one particular "consecration," which is said to have been conferred in the days of Elizabeth. As long as they do this, they must be content to undergo that reproach of dry antiquarianism which has lately been implicitly made against them, and we should be glad to see the more thoughtful among them showing some signs of a readiness to go into the question on the far broader ground on which it was placed, some months ago, in the letter from Dr. Newman which appeared in our September number. We freely admit, however, that the question is one of fact, while we assert that it is one belonging to a

class of facts into the evidence concerning which moral consideration must always largely enter. It is surely true that there are facts of this nature; and if there are, it is in the highest degree unreasonable to characterise the writers who insist upon such moral considerations as neglectful of historical evidence, or as bad logicians.

This is still more unfair when these questions, which, even historically, must depend to some extent on moral considerations, are handled simply with a view to a further practical question connected with the conclusion. It is certainly possible to think a conclusion probable on speculative grounds alone, and yet not sufficiently safe for action in a matter of importance. It may be just probable that a particular vessel is not too unseaworthy to accomplish, under ordinary circumstances, the voyage to Australia without foundering, but no sane person will ever act on this probability if he has the chance of securing a passage in a safer vessel, and no conscientious person will ever intrust merchandise on which the whole fortune of some ward of his own depends to so uncertain a chance. In matters of vast importance, a conclusion that is no more than speculatively probable is practically unsafe, and this principle is expressed by moral theologians in the axiom, that in the matter of a sacrament it is not lawful to act upon probability. Yet the question of Anglican "Orders," as far as it has any real importance, is just of this practical character. It is not whether or not there is a balance of probability, speculatively speaking, in favour of the alleged "consecration" of Matthew Parker, but whether there is a solid practical certainty in the present day as to the "Orders" which have their remote origin in Parker and his associates, such as to justify those few Anglican clergymen, about whom the world has lately heard so much, in acting as "real sacrificing Priests" and in absolving penitents from their sins; and this practical certainty as to "Orders" must be accompanied by a similar certainty as to "jurisdiction," before the course taken by the persons in question can be considered defensible.

It is not a matter of slight importance that we are dealing, as to the question before us, with only a portion

of the Anglican clergy of the present or of the past. The great majority of these clergy have certainly never dreamt either of Orders as a sacrament, or of themselves as divinely-appointed Priests—of having, that is, received, by the imposition of the hands of legitimate successors of the Apostles, the power of offering the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar and of forgiving the sins of others by sacramental absolution. To say this, is not only to assert a simple truth, but also to assert a truth which ought not to be considered as offensive. We must deal with the Anglican "Bishops" and clergy as a body; and it is far more respectful to them as men and as Christians to say that they have never considered themselves to possess powers for the benefit of souls and the honour of God which they have never exercised, than implicitly, at least, to accuse them of the gravest possible neglect, or even profanity, with regard to such powers, while they consciously possessed them and deliberately abstained from using them. We shall see presently that the ideas prevalent through successive generations of "ministers" in such a body as the Anglican Establishment, must of necessity be considered as having considerable weight in our solution of the question before us.

We are more immediately concerned with those who claim to have received through the successive generations of their "Bishops" the same divine gift which is possessed by the Catholic Priesthood, whose functions they either imitate or parody. To these, then, the case is one of the transmission of a sacred deposit through a chain of individuals. Two things are at once evident. First, it is evident that it is utterly unreasonable to consider the question to be settled by arguments which refer only to the first link in the chain. It matters not to the adversary of claims such as those of which we speak, whether the chain breaks at its beginning, its middle, or its end; and the advocates of these claims must be able to satisfy themselves and others as to the whole, and every part of the whole. Again, it is evident that moral considerations must enter largely into our practical solution of such questions. Positive evidence may be absolutely

wanting, and yet we have to come, not merely to a theoretical and speculative conclusion, but to a practical conclusion of the highest possible importance.

Let us endeavour to illustrate the case by a parallel—not perfect in all respects, but sufficient, perhaps, to make the chief features of the case clear. By transmission through successive generations of Jews and Christians, we receive the text of Sacred Scripture. Let us suppose, for the sake of the illustration, that we are living at a period before the use of printing, and that on account of some peculiarity in the materials, which fortunately never actually existed, no copy survived the life of the person who made it. Each generation, then, would have its transcribers and its own contemporaneous copies; every copy would be the copy of a copy, a certain number of stages distant from the original, and in the case of each there would be room for human frailty, for error, for negligence, or for fraud. On what conditions should we, in such a case, be secure as to the accuracy of our own copies? We should feel secure, if we knew that the original had existed in the hands of the first transcribers, that they and all their successors had had the proper knowledge of the character, and adequate means for transcribing it accurately, and that they had been alive to the importance of their task and perfectly devoted to the faithful discharge of their duties. We must put aside, for our argument's sake, the material security that we actually possess in the critical comparison of each ancient copy, and of each contemporaneous copy, with all the rest of its own date—for nothing analogous to this exists in the other parallel which we have in view. But, if we compare the transmission of a set of sacred documents with that of certain sacerdotal powers through successive generations, the possession of an accurate copy of the original at the beginning, in the first case, would answer well enough to the possession of true episcopal character in the second; the capacity of exact transcription in the first would answer to the possession of a valid form in the second; and the certainty we might have as to the faithfulness and diligence of the transcribers in the first would answer to the security we might have as to the

presence of a sufficient intention in the second. How absurd, then, would it be to exclude all moral considerations, and to insist upon arguing the matter entirely upon antiquarian grounds! As a matter of fact, in the case of the sacred documents, our security would mainly rest upon the reverential and religious care which both the Synagogue and the Church have always shown for the preservation of the exact text of Scripture, and this traditional jealousy of so great a charge would, we should feel sure, have produced the greatest possible caution and diligence on the part of the several and successive transcribers. Nor, again, should we be wrong or presumptuous to think that Providence would have watched in some special way, even if not by miracle, over the transmitters of the Inspired Word; and these simply moral and *a priori* considerations would be enough to justify us in the practical conclusion that we possessed intact and inviolate the oracles of God.

And now let us alter the circumstances on which this moral conviction is founded, and let us suppose a transmission more nearly resembling in character that by which, as even Anglicans must allow, the sacred gift of the Priesthood has come down to them, if they possess it. We have already alluded to one great difference between the two cases. There is nothing in the transmission of the sacerdotal gifts which answer to the security gained in the case we have been speaking of, by the check of publicity and the comparison of different copies; but we must lay this aside, because such differences affect the character of all such transmissions as that of the Priesthood, and not the supposed Anglican transmission alone. But let us make the case as like as we can. Let us suppose that we know that the very idea of Sacred Scripture, as such, had altogether died out for many generations in a certain community, and that the so-called Scriptures were generally looked upon as of no more value than any other book. Let us, in the next place, suppose that besides the absence of all particular reverence for these documents, as such, on the part of their successive transcribers, there had been prevalent in the same community a general literary prin-

ciple, which laid it down that it was never necessary to express in a transcription anything more than the general sense of the original, and this only in the language, and according to the ideas, of the existing generation; while, on the other hand, it was quite allowable, and even advisable, for the copyist to omit what he did not like and supply the omissions out of his own fancy. In this case, the *a priori* considerations of which we are speaking would lead us inevitably to the conclusion that the text of documents so handed on would be certain, at the end of three centuries, to have suffered so many changes and corruptions as to be utterly valueless to those whose object might be to possess it in its original purity; and it would be of no force at all against this conclusion to urge the fact, that at the beginning of the period of transmission the text was known to have been accurate. Whatever might be the difficulty of pointing out actual corruptions, no man in his senses would ever risk a step of practical importance to himself or to others upon the faith of such documents. Practically, they would be abandoned as unsafe and not to be relied on, notwithstanding the possibility that considerable parts of them might still survive untainted. We must add one further supposition. Let it be imagined that it was also known that the documents in question, although of the highest and most sacred character in the eyes of others, had been used in the most profane manner by the members of the community of which we are speaking—that their words had been introduced into ribald and licentious songs, and the histories related in them, in their actual state as transmitted by these transcribers, had been used to furnish the plots and stock jests of the theatres or of the lower class of novelists; then all serious Christian men might be inclined to be thankful that the true text and the true narrative had been lost, and might be inclined to think that it had been, as it is said, “of the providence of God” that those who did not recognise their sacred character had been at least saved from offering so much direct and open insult to the Holy Scriptures.*

* Our readers may remember that the Anglican clergyman, whose letter to Dr. Newman was inserted in our number for last October, actually argued

We must repeat that we do not present this supposed case as a perfect parallel to that of the alleged transmission of the sacerdotal character and power by means of the Anglican hierarchy and the ministers of the Establishment. But thus far at least the parallel will be admitted—that both in the case which we have supposed and in the case of the Anglican succession, the transmission of the sacred deposit must be allowed to depend, not simply on those who stand at the beginning of the series of generations through which the gift is said to have descended, but upon each and every individual person who has been as it were a link in the living chain. The torch has had to pass from hand to hand in the race, and in any single hand out of the whole line it has run the risk of being extinguished. Further, it is quite clear that if the parallel can be more fully made out in fact, if we have moral grounds for concluding that, either from the defect of the necessary intention, or from great and fatal negligence or ignorance in the administration of what we must call, in the Anglican supposition, by the name of the Sacrament of Holy Orders; or, again, from the fact of having had, during the whole, or a large part, of the period under consideration, a “form” of the most dubious and unsatisfactory character, the persons of whom the chain in this case has been composed have been more likely than not to fail in handing on the sacred gift—even if those who started the succession had themselves the power to do this—here will be a number of powerful considerations,

(MONTH, vol. ix., p. 418) that it was a sort of proof that Anglican “Priests” did perform “a real consecration,” that the Anglican Establishment had forbidden “reservation.” If we understand this argument rightly, Mr. Mossman means that Providence interfered to save the Blessed Sacrament from the profanation to which it would have been exposed if it had been “reserved” in Anglican churches, by secretly guiding the English Establishment to a “technically un-Catholic” attitude in the matter. But the profanations to which the Blessed Sacrament must have been exposed in the last three centuries among Anglicans, if their ministers had been truly “Priests,” in the way of irreverent or sacrilegious celebration and communion, would have been far more horrible than any to which the practice of “reservation” would expose it; and it is, therefore, quite in keeping with Mr. Mossman’s argument, that the Establishment should, by the providence of God watching over the sacred deposit of the Eucharist, have been led to throw aside the Priesthood altogether.

whether they be called moral or historical, quite sufficient to outweigh any technical or antiquarian arguments which may seem on the whole to make it more or less probable that the claims of Parker or Barlow are somewhat better founded than those, for instance, of the first Swedish Lutheran Bishops, with whom some Prelates of the Establishment, so much against the liking of Dr. Pusey and others, seem inclined to fraternise.

The three considerations which we have just mentioned are independent of the question of Parker's consecration altogether. Anglican controversialists, either because it suits them best, or because they do not sufficiently consider the practical issue of the question, are inclined very much to confine the argument to the first and preliminary stage. The real question depends on this, but not on this only or mainly. It may be probable that Parker was consecrated; probable, in a less degree, that the Anglican ordinations since his time have not been invalid from want of intention, or from gross negligence; and probable, in a degree still less, that they have not been invalid on account of an entirely insufficient "form" used in the supposed collation either of the Priesthood or of the Episcopate. These are the questions of possibility on which the moral issue directly depends, though there are others, such as that founded on the negligent administration of Baptism, or other similar facts, which cannot be ignored. The practical use of the power of the supposed Priesthood in the administration of the sacraments, and in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice—which is something quite different from the mere possession of the same power—can only be justified by an indubitably favourable decision as to these accumulated and multiplied probabilities. Moreover, the practical use of the Priestly power in the remission of sins implies a similar decision as to a further chain of probabilities, which relate to the important question of Jurisdiction, without the possession of which no one can validly absolve. And we think that we do not in the least underrate the practical force of all the presumptions in favour of the Anglican claims, when we say that all the rules of moral action, and all the principles

which govern the decision of practical questions of conscience must be thrown to the winds, before it can be justifiable for a person, whose only reasons for thinking himself a Priest are those which exist in the case before us, to venture to exercise any Priestly function whatever, whether it be the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice, or the conferring of sacramental absolution. Let us be allowed, then, to waive for a moment the antiquarian question, and to suppose, what we do not believe, that a probability of higher or lower degree is to be found for the conclusion in favour of Parker's consecration. Catholic writers have often done this, and have been unfairly claimed as having acknowledged Anglican Orders in consequence. After this concession, we find ourselves in the presence of two further questions, either of which, if settled in the negative, is sufficient to crush the Anglican claims altogether, and neither of which, if settled in the affirmative, is enough to raise them above the lowest level of probability which belongs to them on other grounds. In the case of arguments of this sort, the old rule of logic holds good—*Secletur partem conclusio deteriore*. Let us now say a few words on the single point of intention.

Without going at length into the Catholic doctrine with regard to the intention requisite for the valid administration or reception of any sacrament, we may say, in the simplest and plainest language, that no Bishop can ever make a Priest by ordination without intending to do it, and that no man can ever receive the Priestly office without intending to receive it. Sacraments are not magical rites and incantations, which produce their effect without the will of those who administer them, as Aladdin's lamp called up the genie by being casually rubbed. Other things are essential besides the intention; but they are inoperative if the intention is absent. At the same time, the theology of the Church cannot be said to be exacting as to the point of intention. The formula commonly used is that the person who administers any sacrament must at the very least intend to do what the Catholic Church does when she administers that sacrament. This intention must be actual or virtual; not merely an inten-

tion which a man would have had, if he had known it, but which, really and truly, in some way governs his act. He need not have a right faith even as to the effect of the sacrament; thus the baptism administered by Pelagians was held valid, although they denied the existence of original sin, and so could not have intended to cancel it by baptism. On the other hand, the Church has repudiated certain Protestant doctrines, which, as it were, rated the requisite intention too lowly, or even denied the necessity of any intention at all. Within the Church herself, the opinion maintained by the celebrated Catharinus, and followed by some Doctors of the Sorbonne in the seventeenth century, that the only intention absolutely required is that of performing the external rite of the sacrament, as prescribed by the Church, can hardly be said to be established in the Catholic schools, and has even been thought to neighbour on a condemned proposition. Yet this opinion requires more than can be affirmed with any certainty as to the majority of those who have either conferred or received Anglican "Orders." It does not include the case where a new-fangled rite has been adopted which by no means either expresses or implies the intention of the Church as to the sacrament in question—which, in fact, virtually excludes it, and was framed by persons who meant to imply a doctrine different from that of the Church. Those who consider even the doctrine of Catharinus to be unsafe, will see still greater objections to that which must be adopted in order certainly to save the Anglican "intention." It may be argued that if the intention to perform seriously the external rite of the Church is not enough to produce the effect of the sacrament, those who denied the rite to be sacramental, or to have any interior effect at all connected with its recital—to be, in short, anything *but* an external rite, a form of words like any other prayer whatsoever—can hardly be thought to have had the intention sufficient to produce that effect. We may illustrate our meaning by a very simple parallel. As we write, the great festival of Christmas is approaching, and it will have past before these lines are placed before the eyes of our readers. Christmas-day is one of the days in all the year as to

which we may be most nearly certain that the Communion Service is read and Communion administered in almost every Anglican place of worship in the land. It would be too much to say that every Anglican minister "celebrates" on that day, because there are a great number of churches served by more than one clergyman in which there will be only one Communion Service. But we may assume that throughout England, Wales, and Ireland, in every church or chapel of the Establishment, the Anglican service will be performed. That is, according to the Ritualists and Sacerdotalists among the Anglicans, there will be, perhaps, some fifteen thousand "offerings of the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar" within the Establishment. The celebrants will be men of all grades of opinion—Dean Close, Dean M'Neile, Dean Stanley, the Colensoites, the Latitudinarians, the Positivists, the Calvinists, the Lutherans and the Puseyites, as well as a great number of nondescripts who have no particular opinions at all, and are simply "professional" clergymen. Now, granting for argument's sake that all these men are Priests, is it not preposterous to assume that they will all and each have any sufficient intention at all of doing what the Church does when she celebrates the Sacrifice of the Altar?—in fact, of doing anything beyond reciting a number of prayers, among which there is one which contains a sort of narrative of what our Lord did at the Last Supper? Is it not morally certain that, without the slightest blame to men who do not believe that they are Priests in any Catholic sense—who think they have been taught by their Church that Holy Orders are either "corrupt followings of the Apostles," or "a state of life allowed in Holy Scripture," that the Sacrifice of the Mass is "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit," and that the Body of Christ is not present on the Altar—there must have been in a great number of cases an utter absence of any "intention" at all? We venture to think that few of the "advanced" Anglicans will question this conclusion. The case of the transmission of the Priestly character by means of the Anglican formularies, even on the extremely improbable hypothesis that those formu-

laries have always been adequate for the purpose, is practically parallel to this, with one important difference. We have here a chain of successive "ordinations" to deal with, not a number of simultaneous "celebrations." If, therefore, it be morally certain that a certain proportion of the "ordinations" have been nugatory, as well as a certain proportion of the "celebrations," the value of the chain is entirely destroyed. And yet it seems to be a matter of plain common-sense to say—considering the state of things among Anglicans through so long a period—that if we were to ask ourselves what, for instance, a century ago, in the year 1769, was the amount of "intention" among Anglican ordainers of doing anything at all beyond reciting a formulary, and so giving a certain number of candidates a legal standing as ministers of the Establishment, we could come to no conclusion that would warrant us for certain in attaching any sacred character at all to a succession so perpetuated.

By the confession of all, the sacerdotal claims of the Anglican clergy have lain in abeyance for centuries, and are not now advanced by any but a small section among them. These claims must be considered like those made, let us say, after a long course of years, by a family which considers itself entitled to a dormant peerage. In such a case, an antiquarian may consider that the claim is probably true, and his opinion may be right in fact. But a lawyer may at the same time consider that the claim, being only probably true, is certainly insecure and unsafe, and may consequently feel bound to advise his clients not to risk their fortune in endeavouring to obtain the title. This is surely about the utmost that can be said for the Anglican sacerdotalists. They start from what is, at the very best, and on their own showing, a probability that Parker and his colleagues, somehow or other, were "real Bishops." This probability, in the case of men of our own generation with whom we are dealing, is further tempered and attenuated by the fact that it can only be considered probable—we should be inclined to say, only barely possible—that the intention sufficient for the handing on a real Priesthood has continuously animated

the Anglican ordainers, notwithstanding so many adverse circumstances and influences, down to our own time. Here then we find men risking, not their fortunes, but their souls, on a sort of semi-possibility. And yet there is more to be said, for we have not as yet touched upon the very weakest points of all in this sacerdotal theory. The probability as to the character of Parker is doubtful, the probability as to the "intention" among Anglicans is faint and hazardous, the probability as to the validity of the form used in their ordinations may almost be called infinitesimal, and there seems hardly anything at all to be said in favour of the opinion that Jurisdiction exists among them.

We cannot include in our present article the proofs of either of these last propositions, which are required in order to conclude our treatment of the subject. We believe it will be found that the discussion of the validity of the form leaves the so-called Anglican priesthood very little indeed to rest its claims upon. For the present, we may add to our remarks upon intention a few sentences on an objection which may be urged with some appearance of force by way of barring the relevancy of arguments such as we have used—an objection the consideration of which, if these arguments are just, will only strengthen their efficacy.

It may be asked then, is not intention always an uncertain matter, and is it more easy to prove the perpetual presence of a right intention in Catholic consecrators and ordainers than in the case of their Anglican rivals? Do not the arguments adduced against the Anglican succession tell with equal force against the Catholic? Is it fair to demand from the Anglican claimants of Priestly power that evidence of intention which no Catholic Priesthood can certainly furnish? We may answer the question in two ways—truly in both, though perhaps one only can be expected to be acknowledged as convincing by our adversaries. In the first place, it is our conviction that even Dr. Newman has seldom written more true or more pertinent words than those in which he declared his difficulty in believing that Almighty God would leave the Blessed Eucharist in the keeping of a

clergy such as the Anglican. These words imply a special providence over the Church, as over the sects which have separated from her, and we cannot, of course, shrink from declaring that, as a matter of fact, we rest our moral certainty as to the continual presence of a sufficient "intention" through the long chain of those by whom the sacred ministry in the Catholic Church is kept up, in great measure on the watchful providence of her Spouse. As it is most difficult to believe that the Sacramental Presence of our Lord would be committed to a ministry and a people who had entirely lost all thought of, or reverence for It, so it is most difficult to believe that any accident could be permitted to withdraw It from the Church in which faith in and reverence for It cannot possibly die out. But this argument cannot be expected to weigh with our adversaries till they have come to see that the Catholic Church is the Catholic Church. We find another set of arguments, however, in the plain circumstances of the case. As a matter of fact, it is not quite unknown that Catholic Priests should be troubled with doubts as to the validity of their ordination. Many such questions are recorded in the archives of the Sacred Congregations at Rome, and many decisions on various points bearing on such questions have from time to time been given. We do not speak simply of scrupulous persons who may from time to time be haunted with uncertainty as to their own "intention," just as persons of the same character are so frequently troubled with doubts as to the integrity of their confessions, or the sincerity of their contrition. Such persons are to be dealt with according to the ordinary rules for the satisfaction of scruples, and their cases can have no influence at all upon the solution of any general question. It is remarkable that doubts of this character seldom take the form of uncertainty as to the intention of any one but the scrupulous person himself, who shares with others their firm moral conviction as to the security of the general transmission of the Priestly character in the Church throughout so many centuries. Again, the cases which are to be met with among the decisions of Roman Congregations turn upon technical and individual inaccuracies.

in the administration of the rite by which Holy Order is conferred, and testify to the jealousy with which every possible security is insisted on with regard to the matter and form of the sacrament. It never occurs to a Catholic Priest to be in doubt on the fundamental question—as to the validity of the form in the ritual of the Church, or as to the episcopal character of the Bishop who ordains him. Nor again, can such a Priest have any practical doubt as to “intention.” If we were asked to justify this moral certainty which covers so many hundreds of internal acts of persons of whom we know nothing, we should probably answer that the right intention is in great measure secured to us by the fact that the chain of Bishops to whom we owe our Orders have always maintained the true doctrine as to the sacrament which they have administered, and that the particular doctrine of “intention,” as necessary to its validity, has always been a part of Catholic teaching perfectly familiar to them and to those on whom they have from time to time conferred Holy Order. We might add also that the Catholic doctrine as to the Priesthood and the Sacrifice has always been expressed distinctly in the prayers used at the time of the administration of the sacrament, so as to be brought at the very moment before the minds of those concerned, and that the same must have been the effect of the rite to which, in the Western Church at least, the largest number of theologians have always given the character of being the actual matter of the sacrament—that is, the “tradition of the instruments.” The newly-ordained Priests, moreover, have been instructed that they were to exercise the power of Sacrifice thus conferred upon them in the very Mass of Ordination itself, by “co-consecrating” with the Prelate who ordained them. We mention all these circumstances here for the single purpose of showing the amount of additional security that they must certainly be allowed to give as to the intention of the ordainer and those ordained. There can be no doubt that under such circumstances the absence of the right intention can be the result of nothing short of very strange and culpable negligence and levity of mind at a most solemn time, and when all the adjuncts by which

the persons in question were surrounded would tend to remind them of its necessity.

On the other hand, we cannot grant the importance of these considerations without granting also the importance of considerations founded on a perfectly contradictory state of circumstances. Let us suppose that the ministers of a particular Church had first of all laid aside altogether the traditions of Catholic theology as to the doctrine of "intention" itself—so that that word had become a sort of bugbear to them, or, at the least, an unmeaning phrase. Let us suppose that they had then formally denounced the doctrine of the Christian Priesthood—at least, as far as the Sacrificial power is concerned; let us suppose that they had for this purpose so mutilated the ancient Pontificals, and the rite of ordination in particular, as to make their service consist far more of novelties than of remains of the ancient rite; let us suppose that, besides denouncing the doctrine of the Sacrifice in their symbolical statements, they had carefully weeded, even from their Communion Service, every expression that had reference to it, and had even inserted passages which implied its denial; let us suppose that they had swept away from their ordinal, in particular, every single reference to the Sacrifice and the Sacrificial power, including that very "tradition of the instruments" which in their time, and in their part of the Church, *as they were perfectly aware*, was considered as the very sacramental action itself by which the power of Sacrifice was conveyed—who shall venture to say that the probabilities are not overwhelming against the presence, in the successive generations of the ministers of such a body, of any intention whatever of conferring the Sacrificial power which is the essence of the Priesthood?

It is the undoubted doctrine of the Church that a sacrament *may* be validly administered by a person who has neither the right Catholic faith, even as to the sacrament in question, nor a good conscience. Putting aside the latter point, this is the case, stated as favourably as possible, for the Anglican claims. There *may* still have been a sufficient intention in the original authors of the "succession," and the

intention *may* not have been wanting in some, or, by a continued series of happy accidents, even in all, of those who have handed on the "Orders" through a number of generations down to our own time. But if we ask for any security that shall have made these accidents probable, even in half the number of cases—such security as undoubtedly exists in the case of the Catholic succession—we can find nothing of the kind; while we find, on the other hand, many reasons for considering it the more likely conjecture that the intention has been wanting through a large proportion of the persons concerned. This is surely the reasonable view, the view on which practical men would act as to risking interests so important as those involved in the continuance of the Sacerdotal Order. The true faith, and the lofty Priestly life, are the moral safeguards of the intention of him to whom the sacred mysteries are intrusted by the Providence of God. A local, accidental, temporary decay of these in any part of the Church is a great misfortune, especially if the decay, as is not always the case, affects the doctrine as well as the life of the ministers. But the danger to their intention is very small when the rites of the Church are retained in their integrity, and solemnly and seriously performed. When the corruption of the faith becomes universal, formal, legal, embodied in symbolical books and in mutilated forms of prayer; when it is imposed as a pledge of communion by authority, and made the distinctive badge and cry of a certain isolated community—and when this continues for a long time, and is accompanied by an utter oblivion of all the characteristic qualities of the Priesthood, both among clergy and people—it is hard to believe that Providence will interfere by some special action from generation to generation for the purpose of keeping alive the Sacerdotal Order among men unconscious and undesirous of its presence. Such a result would hardly fall short of a perpetual miracle wrought for the purpose of giving that which is holy to those who denied its holiness, and casting pearls before those who would trample them under their feet.

The proposed Mitigation of War.

II.

THERE are still other means by which the horrors of war may be alleviated, which are more immediately practical, if less ambitious in their scope and aim, than those we suggested in the MONTH for December last. It is, perhaps, scarcely to be hoped that nations will, any more than individuals, observe very scrupulously during the heat of war, conditions which they imposed upon themselves, in the interests of humanity or commerce, while yet at peace ; but expediency and duty alike commend to their attention those ways of saving the lives of their soldiers which the marvellous advances of science now supply. Some of these are described in the next number of the Review to which we have been already so much indebted ;* but, on the whole, the art of military hygiene is most indebted to Englishmen for its progress,† and also, unfortunately, to the negligence of English officials for the most lamentable proofs of its importance.

It is true that a few patriotic statesmen availed themselves of the public indignation excited by the disasters of the early part of the Crimean war, for the purpose of beginning a thorough reform of the military administration which had so completely proved its own inefficiency. The name of Sidney Herbert is inseparably connected with this important change, which, had he been spared to his country, might probably have been more thoroughly carried out ; as it was, before his death he happily witnessed some of the results of his measures. He saw the marvellous sanitary success of the China expedition, and

* *Revue Contemporaine*, July 31, 1868.

† By far the best treatise on the subject, in any language, is Dr. Parkes' *Practical Hygiene*.

received the first annual report of the Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, showing a remarkable diminution in the mortality of all the divisions of the army. Very much, however, still remains to be done before we can be said to have had a due regard for the lives and health of our soldiers; thus, even while we are writing, two flagrant instances of mismanagement (to call it by no harder name) are recorded in the public journals. In the worse of the two, it would appear that the dirty linen of the soldiers at Windsor, even that of persons suffering from contagious disorders, is sent to a barrack in a crowded part of London to be washed; in the other case, large and urgently-needed barracks in India are at present untenanted, because they have been erected on a site without water, and the machinery which is to raise this from a neighbouring river seems not to have been yet resolved upon.

We may perhaps most easily give our readers an idea of how much has been done for the army in this way, and yet how much remains to be done, if we examine successively the condition of the soldier in time of peace, during a campaign, on the battle-field, and afterwards in hospital.

In countries where the conscription prevails, much mischief appears to be done by compelling men to serve whose health unfits them for bearing arms; and this evil at any rate is lessened by the English system of voluntary enlistment. In France, we are told by Dr. Chenu,* at least ten per cent. of the recruits fall ill as soon as any work is required of them; they then fill up the hospitals, and throw an unfair share of the labours of the campaign upon their stronger comrades. The moral to be drawn from this, and from the much greater proportionate increase of invalids when a larger number of men are drawn than usual, is that the conscription is even now too heavy, and that the *impôt du sang* should be diminished.

The attention of the commissions appointed by Lord Panmure, at Lord Herbert's instigation, was mainly directed to improving the sanitary condition of the army in time of peace. The unhealthy site and internal arrange-

* Quoted in the *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 227.

ment of many of the barracks most urgently needed reform, and a great deal has been done in this direction during the last dozen years ; many unhealthy stations in the East and West Indies have been entirely abandoned, and the ventilation, drainage, and water-supply, have been generally improved ; but less has been done in this way at home than could have been desired, the most important improvement being, perhaps, the establishment of the camps at Shorncliffe, Aldershot, and the Curragh. These have, it is true, certain disadvantages of their own, but of their superiority in a sanitary point of view there can be no doubt. The clothing and equipment have been made somewhat less injurious to health, and the spread of contagious diseases has been partially checked by special legislation. Finally, a new system of returns, due principally to Dr. Farr, has, since 1857, enabled the Secretary of State, the Commander-in-Chief, and all subordinate officials, to see, almost at a glance, the amount and kind of sickness in any given part of the army ; so that evils, instantly known, can often be suppressed as soon as they arise. The results even of these very inadequate changes are summed up in a most interesting paper read by Dr. Farr at the British Association Meeting in 1861.* The previous annual death-rate of the whole army had been as high as 17 per 1,000 men ; the mortality of certain arms of the service having been even higher, the worst of all being, strange to say, the Foot Guards, with a death-rate of 20 per 1,000 each year. After three years' trial of the new system, the latter death-rate was diminished to nine, and that of the rest of the army at home to 8 ; while at Shorncliffe and Aldershot it was still lower, being as low as 5 per 1,000. We may conclude in Dr. Farr's own words :—
“ The previous excess had been due to zymotic (epidemic) diseases, and to consumption, the effects of crowding in barracks, of bad ventilation, bad water, bad drainage, badly chosen sites, bad cooking arrangements, and the absence of the means of cleanliness. A great result has been realised ; in England hundreds of lives have been saved ; indeed, a battalion living, in arms, at the end of

* *British Medical Journal*, September 16, 1861.

1859, would, at the previous rate, have then lain buried in their graves. Severe sickness has also decreased, and the vigour of the whole body of healthier men has no doubt increased in proportion."

This is indeed a great success, and one which should merit more honour for its authors than the most glorious of victories in the field ; but, when we consider that the death-rate of the army (a body made up of picked men, and parting constantly with its invalids) is still rather higher than that of the population of the healthy districts of England at corresponding ages (*viz.*, 7 per 1,000), such a gain ought to induce the military authorities to increase, rather than to slacken, their efforts for still further improvements.

Many old barracks need to be rebuilt, or their sites must be entirely abandoned ; in India especially, the railways, now being constructed, will soon enable the troops to be withdrawn altogether from the plains, with the exception of a few posts of strategic importance, and be stationed in the more healthy climate of the hills. It is to be hoped that the difficult question of the soldiers' clothing and equipment may be speedily solved, to the advantage alike of the privates' health and the exigencies of the service.* The great variety in this respect observed among the volunteer regiments may perhaps afford a fund of useful experience to the authorities. The Contagious Diseases Act, which has worked so beneficially in the few places where it has been tried, should be extended to the whole kingdom ; and the medical department should have greater power, at least to inquire into, if not to remedy, any abuses which might be injurious to health.

But the reforms most urgently needed in the army, are those which would amend the character and personal habits of the soldier. Any improvements in this direction would considerably increase the beneficial action of merely

* The mode of carrying the knapsack is the most important point to be changed. Many improvements have been suggested, which would require drawings for a satisfactory explanation, but the principles adopted in almost all of them are to distribute the weight over a large surface, and to throw it on the hip bones, so as to put less strain upon the comparatively weak muscles of the back.

external alterations ; they would also make the soldier, at the end of his period of service, a pattern to his neighbours, and thus furnish some kind of moral and social compensation for the economical loss the country has sustained by his withdrawal from industry. The establishment of privates' clubs and reading-rooms, and the greater facilities for education now given them, have done very good service, by diminishing the temptations which beset the soldiers' path, and making them into something more than mere fighting machines. But, from the point of view we are now specially considering, we may inquire why no instruction is ever given on the one subject which would be of the most practical use in saving life—viz., the science of health. The writer in the *Revue* urges that every man should be taught at least the elements of hygiene—at any rate, so as to comprehend the necessity for personal cleanliness ; and he pays us the compliment of saying that our army is perhaps the cleanest in the world. This may be possibly true, yet there is room for improvement in this respect. We would also make the soldiers' education inculcate the importance of free ventilation (which perhaps ranks even before cleanliness in its influence on health), and give some general information on the various climates to which in the course of their duty they may be exposed, and the precautions to be taken in each. The *Revue* informs us that some Governments have gone still farther in this direction. Thus, the ambulance-corps of the Austrian army for the last twenty years have gone through a regular course of instruction in practical medicine and surgery ; and in Spain, according to Dr. Landa, every soldier is taught enough of the rudiments of surgery to enable him to be of use to his comrades during a battle.*

Again, a judicious course of bodily training would be of the greatest use to the soldier. The gymnastic exercises of the French army may appear extravagant, and are replaced, in part, by the much greater love of Englishmen for athletic sports ; but none of these develope the strength of the body so well as a series of gymnastics, and our

* *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 226.

soldiers are as yet too little inclined to spend their leisure hours so advantageously as in games which would increase their strength and agility. We should much like to see the military authorities adopt some of those incentives to manly recreation which have almost led to the exclusion of all branches of a polite education, save cricket, rowing, and foot-ball, from our public schools and universities. The establishment of the hill-stations in India, which we referred to above, will be most beneficial in relieving the soldiers from that enforced idleness during the whole day which is one of the worst results of the climate of the plains, while the low death-rate at Shorncliffe and Aldershot is undoubtedly due in great measure to the opportunities for out-door exercise.

We are here only able to mention the general principles which should guide the administration of an army in time of peace. It may be safely said that, if they are followed, a very great amount of mortality and sickness will be avoided, and the whole army will be made much more fit to endure the fatigues of a campaign, or the accidents of a battle and long confinement in hospital. There cannot be the least doubt that a *properly* trained pugilist recovers far more quickly from injuries received, and is much less often ill, than an ordinarily healthy soldier. When engaged in actual service, whether in the field or in siege operations, the principal difficulty is always with the commissariat. It is unnecessary to do more than remind our readers of the almost incredible bungling during the first year of the siege of Sebastopol, which would have been ludicrous had it not sacrificed so many noble lives; but more recent wars show that other countries are almost equally to blame. Thus we are told that, during the short Italian campaign of 1859 (which, from the country being fertile and friendly to the invaders, was undertaken under very favourable circumstances), the French troops were frequently without bread, biscuit, or any substitute for these except Indian-corn meal, which they would not eat; while the Austrians fared even worse.* It is easy to understand that there must frequently be great diffi-

* *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 220.

culties in the way of victualling an army on the march, and in a foreign, often a hostile, country; but it ought to be much easier to supply clothes of good quality, and in sufficient quantity. Yet here, again, we meet with the same complete break-down of the commissariat. For instance, during the Schleswig-Holstein war, the Prussian army is described by one of its own officials as "suffering extremely during the great cold, from want of clothing; many of the soldiers have no woollen socks, but are obliged to stuff their boots with straw or rags, and thus run great risk of having their toes frost-bitten; very few of them have shirts for change, or clothing enough to protect them from the weather."*

The food supplied to the soldiers should not only be abundant, but, as far as possible, varied, and of the kind they have been accustomed to eat. We have just seen that during the Italian war of 1859, the French troops refused to eat the Indian-corn meal which was served out to them, and the same thing happened, on a larger and more terrible scale, during the American civil war, when hundreds of prisoners of war in Southern prisons died simply of starvation because they could not eat the Indian-corn meal, which was the only article of food that could be given them, and of which piles were to be seen in the courtyards of the prisons. Too great sameness in the food supplied, and want of fresh vegetables, are also said by the French medical authorities to have been the predisposing causes of the great number of epidemic diseases during the Crimean war.

There is really some ground for hoping that the English commissariat department is greatly improved since the days of our last European war; although it is not possible as yet to estimate fairly the results of the Abyssinian expedition. At any rate, it is comforting to find that French critics, as the author of the article in the *Revue*, and others whom he quotes, urge their own Government to establish a separate commissariat on the model of our own, instead of the purely military "intendance" of that country, which some English journalists called

* *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 220.

for as the panacea of all our evils during the siege of Sebastopol.

The chief obstacle to commissariat improvement is a very natural desire for economy, which makes itself felt more than ever in these days of costly armaments and enormous standing armies. The only remedy for this is to make people clearly understand that while the saving, if it were real, would be iniquitous, because effected at the cost of human life, the mere money-value of a trained soldier is so great, and the hospital expenses so considerable,* that it is essentially a "penny wise and pound foolish" policy. The difficulty with which Englishmen are organised for any national purpose is another obstacle, which will perhaps be harder to remove.

Dr. Parker has conclusively shown that, during the American war, those Northern regiments which were composed only of teetotallers had many fewer invalids and deaths than the rest of the army. Probably the total-abstainers were more careful in other respects, and were, in fact, a superior class of men; but this will not account for the whole difference. It is hopeless to expect that habits of total abstinence will ever prevail to any extent in our own army; but more might be done in the way of encouraging temperance, especially by a more liberal supply of tea or coffee, which are known to give more real power of resistance to the fatigues of a campaign than spirits. It is worth remarking that the temperate men suffered far less than the spirit-drinkers in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

The needless waste of human life during a battle, and immediately after it, although really far less than that occasioned by negligence in time of peace, is infinitely more horrible, because it is attended by so much suffering. We are so accustomed, after a battle has been fought, to read and to talk of so many "killed and wounded," that we do not realise the fearful amount of human misery which is implied by the latter word. We would willingly spare our readers, as far as possible, any painful details,

* "100,000 francs spent on fresh vegetables would save 500,000 in hospital expenses," says Dr. Baudens, quoted in the *Revue*, p. 222.

but it is necessary for our purpose that they should have some idea of the real horrors of war. Thus, *two days* after the battle of Solferino, an eye-witness writes that "all the wounded have not yet been removed from the battle-field, where they suffered during the whole of yesterday, without assistance of any kind, from the tropical heat of the sun"—the battle was fought on the 24th of June—"from their wounds, and from all the horrors of an unquenchable thirst. No one is to blame for this; it was impossible to relieve so much suffering all at once," (Poplimont: *Campagne d'Italie*, p. 345). After this, we are not surprised to find there is every reason to fear that many of those wounded in this battle were buried alive, owing to the haste and carelessness of the peasants pressed for the service. Again, we are told that, "at Castiglione, many had to wait for hours, and some for days, before their wounds could be dressed."* These examples, taken from a single campaign, might be multiplied almost indefinitely; but they are sufficient to show that a great amount of suffering might be avoided, and many precious lives saved, if only half as much care were bestowed on the means of saving life as is now lavished on engines of destruction. "It is a strange optimism," says Dr. Chenu, "which leads us to fancy that we shall be uninjured by the very implements with which we hope to kill our enemies. When the decisive moment arrives, we expect a miracle, and accuse the authorities of criminal neglect, while their real fault is improvidence."†

The remedial measures should be prepared in time of peace; the ambulance-corps should be more numerous, and its members more thoroughly instructed in their duties. The additional expense which this would entail might probably be much diminished by employing the men in other ways in time of peace, without injury to their efficiency. It is, perhaps, also worth considering whether they could not be taught the elements of surgery, so as to save the surgeons' time for the more important cases.

Many soldiers, whose lives are at present sacrificed, would be saved by a more numerous ambulance-corps;

* Quoted in *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 231.

† *Ibid.*, p. 232.

for instance, it is calculated that five or six per cent of the wounded in most battles die only of the bleeding from their wounds, which any man of ordinary intelligence could be taught to arrest temporarily. Moreover (as the author of the article we have so largely quoted from points out), with a larger number of surgeons and assistants, many limbs might be saved by means of some of the modern improvements in surgery, which are obliged to be amputated, either to save time or because the case has gone too long without attention.

After a battle, the chief point is to get the wounded transported as quickly and easily as possible to their hospital. Here again the Crimean war is the strongest instance of improvidence and neglect. It is to be hoped that in any future war in which we may be unhappily engaged, some of the vessels, which have hitherto been employed in keeping up a blockade, many be used as transports for the wounded, and properly fitted up as floating hospitals. Any improvement in this respect would prevent much needless suffering, and (what is still more important) would send the wounded into hospital in a better state, and allow of the hospitals themselves being more numerous and more dispersed, so that contagious diseases would be less likely to originate, and could be more easily kept within bounds. The hospitals also require to be constructed with a view to their object, or at any rate adapted for it under competent advice; they should be placed under medical control, and the staff of medical officers should be very largely increased.

In fact, the moral of army management is in every department the same; there must be a more complete preparation, in time of peace, for the evils of war, and a more perfect system of organisation, before nations can be said to do their evident duty by their defenders.

The following statistics, collected by the author of the article in the *Revue Contemporaine*,* will point this moral, and prove to demonstration the urgent need of reform:—During the Crimean war, of 22,182 English soldiers who died, only 2,755 were killed by the enemy; in the French

* p. 218.

army the proportion was rather better, 10,240 having been killed out of a total of 95,615 dead ; but both of these were far out-done by the mortality among the Sardinians, 12 only of whom had been killed in battle out of a total loss of 2,194. In the American war, the Northern army lost 180,000 men from disease, against 97,000 who died of their wounds ; and the Prussian army suffered in much the same proportion during the Bohemian campaign of 1866, two soldiers dying from sickness for every one killed by the enemy. Even in the most favourable case, the Italian campaign of 1859, rather less than half the total amount of the French who died had been killed on the battle-field.

On the whole, M. Leroy-Beaulieu calculates that 1,750,000 men have perished in the wars of civilised countries since 1853, and that nearly 1,200,000 of these owed their deaths, not to the inevitable cruelty of war, and to the valour and skill of their opponents, but to the negligence and parsimony of the countries which they were defending with their lives.* If this gloomy picture has its lights as well as its shadows, they are to be found in the efforts made by private charity to diminish evils of such fearful magnitude. The monotonous record of the mismanagement of the French and English armies before Sebastopol is relieved by the accounts of the charity and self-devotion of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and of their Anglican fellow-labourers. But in the American war something more was attempted ; the sufferings of the Northern armies in their first campaign roused the compassion of the whole country, and an enormous society was established which carried out, on a far more extensive scale, what was done in England during the latter part of the Crimean war. The American Sanitary Commission had no less than 30,000 local committees, which collected money, medicines, surgical appliances, and even books and newspapers, in every part of the Northern States. Two enormous fairs were held at Chicago and Philadelphia, and the funds collected were employed, not merely in relieving the soldiers before and during battle, but also

* *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 240.

in establishing eighteen floating hospitals, in which wounded soldiers and sailors were received and treated with the utmost skill and care. This example has not been thrown away upon Europe; in September, 1863, the "*Société d'Utilité Publique*" of Geneva brought about an international conference, composed of men whose official or private experience had brought them into contact with the horrors of war, and who earnestly desired to mitigate them. The result of this conference was the International Association for the assistance of the wounded which appears to be now firmly established, and has given proofs of its utility in the wars of 1864 and 1866. It proposes to attain its end, partly by acting upon the different European governments, and it has thus already obtained from them the neutralisation of ambulances and field hospitals; but still more by collecting money and other necessities, which it will dispense by the hands of its own volunteer surgeons and nurses, as well as by means of the various religious orders and charitable societies which are connected with it.

Perhaps the best proof of the real utility of private efforts to diminish the evils of war is to be found in a despatch of the King of Prussia to the Minister of War, dated November 10th, 1866,* in which he attributes the satisfactory state of the army after the battles in Bohemia and Moravia, to the constant care and succours of all kinds, bestowed by various charitable societies, and many private individuals. "It is curious," adds M. Leroy-Beaulieu,† "to find what was considered an Utopia in 1863 is praised in 1866 by one of the most practical military administrations in Europe, after such a severe test of its efficiency."

May we not hope that this great International Society, which has done so much already, will gradually enlighten the public conscience of the civilised nations of the world, and give them a better idea of the evils of even the most necessary and just of wars?

* Quoted in *Revue Contemporaine*, p. 240. † *Ibid.* p. 241.

Early English Mariners.

I.

STUDENTS of history find it one of their chief pleasures to watch the gradual unfolding of the general laws, or principles, which obtain throughout its course. At irregular intervals, it may be, or with more or less sharpness of feature or outline, its course is governed and shaped by influences similar to those which decide the fate of families or individuals; and in tracing out these influences, particularly in the history of our own country, a special pleasure attends even the moderate labour bestowed. "What a man *is*, that much he *has*," is an uncouth, but true saying; and that which makes a man what he is—the whole of what goes to form his soul, character, and capacities—is always a study of deep interest, whether in the individual or the race; and the more so at this time, when the consideration bears on one of the leading questions between the Christian Church and rationalism. Most of us can recal the words of our great writer, in his sermon "Christ on the Waters," upon the Anglo-Saxon race, and his numbering up of their special characteristics, striking, as usual, at the root of the matter, by regarding them as apportioned and very choice *gifts*; an idea which must always awaken the true nobility of thankfulness, dependence on the Giver, and genuine modesty of character. These were formerly special characteristics of Englishmen; for, while heroic in braving dangers and difficulties, and in avenging base or cruel deeds, they were as unboastful and simple as little children; thus instancing that twofold character which true heroes never fail to exhibit. In tracing the effects which extensive conquest, or other acquisition of foreign territory, have had upon the national character, it is a matter of great interest and importance to test the influence of fresh habits, circumstances, and changes of religion, as well as to mark the uses made of any special gifts of race. And as these are most apparent in the tastes and occupations, as well as in the habits of mind, to which we the more easily or willingly lean, and to which a natural capacity yields a freer scope; we have been led to consider the course of

English adventure and exploits by sea, at a time when "Greater Britain" was wholly unknown, when our dominions were chiefly restricted to two small islands, when dangerous and powerful foes sailed insolently into our very ports and harbours, and when the vast resources of Indian kingdoms, American trade, and Australian gold were unthought of, except in the dreams of poets and geographers.

In following the gradual outflow of English thirst for discovery, a deep interest lies in testing the vague, unreal theories of modern "philosophy"—perfectibility and national progress, the "divine teaching of natural instincts," and the like—by the only true standards of Christian heroism and valour. For there will always be heroes and heroes—the heroes of self-vaunting pagan pride, and the self-forgetting heroes of Christianity. And although it is true that everything grand, and noble, and pure, in pagan heroes, was the gift of God and the fruit of obedience to the implanted law of conscience, the free development of untrained nature worked out its natural and inevitable results. Never, perhaps, since pagan heroism had its day, has so full-blown an example of these results been seen, as when the English adventurers of Queen Elizabeth's reign, freshly freed from the restraints of the Catholic Church and the practice of obedience, were launched, in all their vitality of unbridled strength, upon an era of new discoveries, and of thirst for scientific knowledge. They have been, in consequence, the popular heroes of novelists and fictional historians, besides being again and again exalted into a circle of demi-gods by the worshippers of the natural instincts of man.

In referring to the early English seafarers, we shall have occasion to draw largely from Mr. Fox Browne's two noteworthy volumes on *English Seamen under the Tudors*, in which he has put together a quantity of interesting records, not easy of access to all, in a bold and graphic narrative, which might well have carried his readers through another volume.

It was inevitable that the dwellers on this storm-beaten island should early become inured to the perils of the sea, and even the branches of the great Celtic race cradled in the vast Asiatic plains, which settled in the sea-washed and island homes of Gaul and Britain, speedily acquired the facility and habits of seamanship. The rude boats now dug up in the Seine, or on the shores of Scotland, hollowed by fire out of the solid oak, or fitted together with wooden pegs or copper nails, carried the inhabitants many a league along the coast or out into the Channels, and transported vast freights of corn, hides,

and meat, to and from the towns. At Cæsar's invasion, the flat-bottomed, high-prowed canoes, with their leather sails and iron hooks, did excellent service against his Roman galleys, and the swarms of Celtic skiffs, with blue sails and hulls to make them invisible at a distance, caused him incredible loss and trouble. Indeed, that these boats remained upright, or even weathered the rough seas of the two Channels, could only have been due to unusual skill and courage on the part of their crews. This may even be affirmed of the more ambitious "wave-traversers" of the Vikings, with their snake or dragon-carved prows and scales of burnished copper; for though Hengist and Horsa are said to have come over in three long *chiules* (keels), no vessels were known in England over fifty tons burthen till Alfred's time. In 897, he laid the great foundation of the English navy by building galleys of sixty oars; and the impetus given by him was carried on by Athelstane, and even by Ethelred the Unready, who, in 1009, mustered 800 vessels, and first imposed the tax of ship-money.

The forts built long since by the Romans, under the Count of the Saxon shore,* were afterwards chartered by William the Conqueror as the Cinque Ports, which he obliged to maintain ships to the value of about £10,000 a year,† to defend the kingdom. The largest number of vessels that ever left this country at one time, was the crusading fleet under Richard I., of 1,190 ships. It certainly took its time—five months—in getting to Acre, and was of very little service when it did get there, as Richard was too late, and he only took one large Saracen galley. Our first real naval battle was under King John, when Hubert de Burgh defeated the French fleet, most unpleasantly near—off the North Foreland. From that day English seamanship began to be renowned, though it so decayed in the miserable Rose Wars that a patriotic and genuine English grumbler wrote—"Take the *ship* off your precious money, and stamp a *sheep* upon it, showing your own cowardice." In the fourteenth century, there sprang up, through some Franciscan Friars whose zeal was of another kind, a fresh thirst for adventure and exploring, and a revival of certain old tales about Cathay,‡ or China, which aroused the interest of Europe. Friar Rubruquis described a nation called Chin-chin—hairy, but like men—evidently monkeys; and in 1325, Friar Odoric penetrated to Peking, which he described in glowing terms.

These tales grew as they were handed from mouth to mouth, and both Spain and England resolved to seek Cathay. The Spanish

* Comes Littoris Saxonici.

† Then about £900.

‡ Khitai, a district to the north-west of China.

expedition was conducted by Columbus, the English one by John Cabot. It is a curious feeling to transport oneself in imagination to the Bristol of those days—less smoky, dingy, and redolent of smells, let us hope, than that of ours—the then nucleus of all the greatest merchants and most enterprising traders of the time, and find there dwelling a grave-faced, gold-spurred, Venetian knight, who had left his beautiful birth-place to extend his trade. The tales of Cathay, however, drew Cabot back to Venice, where he remained for fifteen years; but, although all Europe—awakening to a fresh learning and civilisation, which in the next century ripened into such marvellous fruits of good and evil—was ringing with tales of wonder and adventure, Cabot reaped no encouragement on the Continent, and was obliged to return to the little western island to carry out his plans. He sailed out of the Bristol Channel, in 1497, with his better-known son Sebastian, and, passing by Ireland, came to Labrador, which he called Newfoundland. Early one morning, just a year before Columbus left the West Indies, Cabot saw the mainland of America. St. John's Island was for a long time called the Island of Bac-calaos, or codfish; and the discovery of these vast fisheries was the chief practical good of Cabot's expedition. But although he sailed in vain up and down the frowning and ice-bound coasts of Labrador, in search of the long-dreamt-of north-west passage to Cathay, and had to return bootless, his courage and endurance set the tide of adventure flowing in that direction, and thus, after a painful seed-time of disaster and death for many years, led to the colonisation of North America. When Cabot returned to England, he was greeted with acclamations, and as, "clad in silk," he walked about London, crowds gathered after him, calling him the Great Admiral, and offering to serve under him wherever he chose to go. Henry VII. gave him all sorts of promises, and "money to amuse himself withal," though probably to a narrow extent, for the King's privy-purse shows this characteristic entry—"To hym that found the New Isle, £10." Three unfortunate Indians were afterwards brought to England, who were seen by Stow in Westminster Palace, as well as "hawks, wild cats, and popinjays," imported at a cost of 13s. 4d. In fact, Henry's avarice was so great that he allowed Cabot to languish twelve years in inactivity, till he became so disgusted that he went off, in 1512, to Spain, where he was received with open arms by King Ferdinand, who assigned him an allowance and a residence at Seville. Ferdinand, however, soon afterwards died, and Cabot returned to England in 1516, whence he sailed to

Newfoundland with Sir Thomas Spert. The expedition was a failure, and, after one more venture, Cabot again went to Spain, where he remained for thirty years; and going up the Paraná and to Paraguay, he laid the foundations for the Spanish possession of South America. He returned to England in 1548.

Henry VIII.'s reign was not marked by much adventure, but it was signalised by a remarkable development of the navy. He built better and larger ships, studied the causes of swift and slow sailing, and general navigation, and much improved the sea stores and weapons. His plans were admirably carried out by Cardinal Wolsey, and by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who gave his two sons to the service, and thus furnished two of the greatest English admirals ever known. Looking back through the splendid annals of the Howard family, we find that Edward III.'s Chief Justice, Sir William Howard, had a son, Sir John Howard, who was admiral of the royal fleet. Another still more noteworthy Sir John Howard, after serving as a general under Henry VI., and as "captain-general of the fleet" under Edward IV., was created first Duke of Norfolk by Richard III., and died on Bosworth Field. His son Thomas, Lord Surrey, was first attainted by Henry VII. as a Yorkist, then made by him Lord Treasurer and restored to his earldom, and finally re-created Duke of Norfolk by Henry VIII. in 1514. This was the father of the two admirals, Lord Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, whose names became so famous in story. The two brothers both joined in the chase of Andrew Barton, the notorious Scottish pirate, whose two vessels, the *Lion* and *Jenny Pirwin*, were long the terror of the northern English coasts and trading vessels. Admirals seem then to have been converted to all kinds of service, for Lord Thomas Howard next appears in Biscay, with an army of 10,000 men, to help the King of Spain. The whole account reads more like some old English play than like serious history. The soldiers grumbled dreadfully about having no beer—which was pathetically set forth to the commissioner-of-all-work, Wolsey—and lastly, "wold or nold" Lord Thomas Howard, officers and men set off and came back to England.

Sir Edward Howard, the other brother, was also at this time soldiering it in Brittany, where he put 10,000 Breton soldiers to flight with 2,500 men; but he then went back to his own trade, and won a great naval battle off Brest, in which Sir Thomas Knyvet was slain. So again Sir Edward Howard "kept the sea." In all these expeditions, Wolsey's administrative talents shone out in the most marvellous way, for he not only directed the lines and

plan of attack and march, and apportioned the stores and supplies with the utmost sagacity, but he also superintended the minutest details of the commissariat—the beef, the beer, the biscuit, the arms, and even to the nails and empty casks—with a clearness and amount of practical information which men devoted to such business all their lives are often without. At last the upshot of all the preparations came out, and Sir Edward's fleet of twenty-four ships was ready for sea, and for battle with France. Henry VIII. went down to Greenwich to inspect it in person, and made acquaintance with every one of the ships. The admiral's own flagship, of 600 tons, was the *Mary Rose*, and of her he wrote to the King—"She is the noblest ship of sail, is this great ship, at this hour, that I trow be in Christendom; the flower, I trow, of all ships that ever sailed." The French had a fleet of fifty ships, augmented by some Mediterranean galleys, commanded by the Knight of Rhodes, Jean le Bidoulx, called Prester John by the English; but Sir Edward cared very little how many ships there were. "Sir," he wrote to the King, "God worketh in your cause and right. . . . The navy of France shall do your Grace little hurt." When Captain Arthur's ship was wrecked on the rocks outside Brest, he wrote again—"Sir, I have taken all Master Arthur's folks and bestowed them; and, Sir, I have given him liberty to go home, for, when he was in extreme danger, he called upon Our Lady of Walsingham for help and comfort, and made a vow . . . that he would neither eat flesh or fish till he had seen her." He even asked the King to come and lead the attack in person, for which he was so sharply and rudely reproved by the Council, that his over-lofty spirit could not brook it, and he lost the patience to make a prudent attack. He led the battle in person, and with incredible bravery boarded Prester John's galley with a handful of men, and probably would have obliged him to yield, had not the cable been cut which fastened the ship to his own, and he left alone. Then Sir Edward was seen to tear his admiral's silver whistle from his neck and throw it into the sea, that it might not fall into French hands. He was quickly despatched by a crowd of pikemen, and his body fell into the sea. One of his companions wrote to Wolsey—"Jesu have mercy. Now we be bodies without a head!" Another wrote—"Never was a noble man so ill lost, . . . that was of so great a courage, and had so many virtues, . . . and kept so great order and justice." Though James IV. of Scotland was at war with Henry, he wrote to condole with him thus—"Surely, dearest brother, we think more loss is to you of the late

admiral . . . than the advantage . . . in winning all the French galleys."

Lord Thomas Howard succeeded his brother, but was not so fortunate, and Henry went himself to France to finish the war by land. He returned home, however, to strengthen his navy, and the years 1514 and 1515 were remarkable for the building and launching of the *Henry Grace-à-Dieu*, and the *Virgin Mary*. It is always wonderfully touching and sad to look back to those early days of Henry's reign, when passion and pride had not quenched the light of grace, when he was still under the influence of conscience and reason, and when this happy kingdom was unsevered from Christian unity. Everything, even the launch of new war-ships, was beautiful, and sanctioned by a blessing. Queen Catharine and the Princess Mary, the foreign Ambassadors, and many Bishops, were present, and the then jovial and good-tempered King appeared in a sailor's suit of *frieze cloth of gold*, and with a thick cable gold chain round his neck, to which a mighty whistle was attached, "almost as loud as a trumpet or a clarion." The Mass was sung by the Bishop of Durham, and afterwards, at the last launch, the Princess Mary named the ship. The French Ambassador was not so pleased as others at all this show of warlike preparation, and went to Lord Suffolk and Wolsey to learn what it meant; but, as has chanced in later times, Suffolk protested, and Wolsey swore with his hand on his heart, that their master had not the least idea of attacking France, and that, in short, all the preparations were—for preserving peace. Which statement, it is to be supposed, the Ambassador took *cum grano*.

Lord Thomas Howard lived into Mary's reign, when he died at the age of seventy-six, after creating a whole school of English admirals, of whom the Duke of Northumberland was not the least. He, as Lord Lisle, "kept the sea" in 1537, when the alarm was given from France, and forts were built and manned from St. Michael's Mount to Portsmouth, and the French attack was put off for eight whole years. Then, as Lord Lisle was waiting in Portsmouth harbour, the beacon-fires above Ventnor were seen a-blaze, and he knew that the French fleet was in sight. And not only in sight, for soon it was anchoring in Brading harbour, and spread all along to Ryde, doing as much mischief as possible, and as long as the calm lasted—which kept our own ships water-logged—having it all its own way. But a fresh west wind sprang up, and the French ships were soon sharply handled, and forced to fly; and once more the English "kept the sea."

One accident damped this victory, and that was the loss of the old *Mary Rose*, Sir Edward Howard's "flower of all ships." Her guns had been untackled to bring them better to bear upon the French, when the wind began to blow, and before they could be secured they rolled over to one side and sank the ship, with 400 men on board.*

It was understood in those days that by virtue of the Pope's mandate and the consent of nations, the countries discovered by Columbus should belong to Spain, and to Spain only, so that, as yet, Englishmen held themselves aloof from encroaching upon the rights of others, and sought other fields for their trade. While Cabot was still absent, a great Bristol trader, Robert Thorne, fitted out a few ships on his own account, and although this venture and a second, more disastrous, under Hore, failed—as they both sought the north-west passage, and were stopped by the ice and endless hardships—still, enterprise was not the least daunted; and on Cabot's return to England, a "Mystery and Company of Merchant Adventurers" was organised, and a crowd of valiant and skilful captains, among whom were William Burrows, Arthur Pet, Stephen Burrough, Sir Hugh Willoughby, that "most valiant gentleman and well-born," and Richard Chancellor—brought up in Sir Henry Sidney's household†—became noted in English annals. Sir Henry Sidney himself, in a beautiful speech, recommended Chancellor to the care of the "Mystery" merchants, in their first expedition, which sailed past Greenwich Palace as Edward VI. lay on his death-bed (1553). Poor Sir Hugh Willoughby was separated from Chancellor in this expedition, and perished miserably, with sixty men, on the Lapland coasts. Chancellor, more fortunate, penetrated to the White Sea, and was invited to Moscow. This opened the "Muscovy," or Russian fur-trade, to England, and the "Mystery" came down to be the Muscovy Fur Company. Returning from his second voyage from Russia, poor Chancellor also was drowned. The patriarch of all these northern voyages did not long survive him, and to the very end his heart was with the north-west discoveries. We hear of Cabot last at the Christopher, at Gravesend, giving liberal alms to the poor, that they might pray for Stephen Burrough's expedition, whose departure was the object of the entertainment. Having "made great cheer," the venerable old admiral "entered

* It was about this time that the watchwords of "God save King Henry," and "Long to reign over us," began to be used, which have been embodied in the National Anthem.

† Father of Sir Philip Sidney.

into the dance himself with the young and lusty company, which being ended, he and his friends departed, most quietly commending us to the governance of Almighty God." Even on his death-bed the old man rambled to Richard Eden about some revelation made to him of an infallible way of finding the longitude; and he departed very peacefully at the age of eighty-five years, having lived through a complete era of sea discoveries.

The chain of adventure was taken up in Elizabeth's reign by Anthony Jenkinson and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first of that knot of Devonshire "worthies" whose names have had a world-wide renown. Jenkinson's stay in Russia, as agent to the Muscovy Company, caused him to bring up the subject of Cathay again; and he wrote to Elizabeth, that if she would send an expedition thither, or to the "vast islands stored with gold, silver, and jewels near it"—probably he had heard of Japan—"she might make herself 'the famous princess of the world.'" But with all possible willingness to assert this character, Elizabeth had also too much of the true Tudor regard to the main chance to be dazzled by even golden birds in the bush. She preferred sending Jenkinson back to Russia, and Gilbert to Ireland, where he acquired a most unenviable reputation in the cruel work of butchery which the Queen was carrying on there against her Catholic subjects. But Gilbert's heart was in Cathay, and in 1574 he wrote his famous treatise on the way to it by the north-west passage. This treatise was lent from one person to another, and so revived the interest of all England on the subject, that Elizabeth sent Martin Frobisher to the Muscovy Company, to tell them that if they had given up trying to find the way to Cathay themselves, they had better hand over their privileges to some others, who would carry on the search. The chief adviser of the company at that time was Michael Lock, and he and Frobisher, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, at last succeeded in organising a Cathay Company and several expeditions in search of the country. The chief noblemen of the Court, Lord Leicester, Lord Burghley, Sir Philip Sidney, and Walsingham, belonged to the company, and contributed to defray the expenses of the expedition, which Martin Frobisher was appointed to command; and when the first of his ventures sailed past Greenwich Palace, Elizabeth stood at the window and waved her hand, and then sent down to the shore to command Frobisher to come and take leave of her in person.

The vessels steered, according to custom, towards the regions of polar ice, saw much of the Esquimaux and their habits, plenty of reindeer, walrus, and seals, but nothing at all of Cathay. They,

however, brought home one sad, solitary native, and were received with immense applause. On his second voyage, Frobisher fell into an unfortunate mistake. Fancying that some shining metaliferous deposit which he found was gold ore, he brought home a quantity of it, and was received with greater acclamation than ever. The Queen even sent for him to Windsor, where she entertained and graciously thanked him. In the third voyage, Frobisher's ship was separated from its companions, and penetrating Hudson's Straits, he actually sailed three hundred miles on the right track for Cathay, but the mutinous spirit which broke out in the crew, on being divided from their companions, caused him to retrace his steps, and the opportunity was again lost. After encountering the most imminent perils and disasters, during which the ship's cry was, "Lord, now help, or never!" "Now, Lord, look down from Heaven and help us sinners, or else our safety comes too late!" the whole of the discovering fleet was re-united, and the crews joined in a thanksgiving for their safety. After weathering dangers in a manner which, considering the size of their vessels, now looks incredible, all the ships reached England in safety, but Frobisher met with very bad treatment on account of the failure of his "gold ore" to produce gold.

A Dirge.

TOLL for the young—the young !
They fall into the grave,
Like passing sunbeams flung
Upon the glancing wave.

Toll for the fair—the fair !
That in their jocund May,
Caught in Death's viewless snare,
With dust and darkness stay.

Toll for the wise—the wise !
Where has their prudence fled ?
Mid churls and children lies
The craft-revolving head.

Toll for the great—the great !
Their power away has past ;
Their long-drawn pomp of state
Leads to the tomb at last.

Toll for all things that end,
For all man's hopes and fears ;
Toll for the faithless friend,
Toll for the squander'd years !

But toll not for the just—
Their's is the priceless gem,
That crumbles not in dust—
'Twere sin to toll for them !

Our Library Table.

1. The Bishop of Orleans on the Ecumenical Council.—2. Cardinal Wiseman's *Daily Meditations*.—3. The Argentine Alps.—4. Two Farewell Letters: Mr. Pyc and Mr. Ffoulkes.—5. Father Schneider's *Manuale Clericorum*.—6. The Ratisbon Missals.—7. *Sir Humphrey's Trial*.—8. Anderdon's *Seven Ages of Clarewell*.—9. *The Story of the Chevalier Bayard*.—10. Laforet's *Why men do not believe*.—11. *England's Antiphon*. By G. Macdonald.—12. Swift's *Homeric Studies*.—13. Mr. Orby Shipley's edition of *S. Alfonso's Preparation for Death*.

1. WE are now fairly entering on the year which is to witness, as we may confidently hope, the assembling of the Nineteenth General Council of the Catholic Church. The intimation of the future Council made by the Holy Father on the Festival of SS. Peter and Paul last year, though it was announced beforehand, may be said to have taken the world, and, to some extent, even Catholics by surprise. We had hardly ventured to hope that so great an event could be carried through in the present disturbed state of Italy, and with the European world under fear of imminent war. But the Pontificate of Pius IX.—not to speak of the general history of the Papacy—has been one continued succession of great Ecclesiastical Acts in the midst of the severest temporal trials. The time is now approaching for the crowning, as it may be, of so glorious a Pontificate by the assembling of an Ecumenical Council for the first time since the Council of Trent, and if this great event be added to other signal incidents in the reign of our present Holy Father, history will certainly be at no loss to point out what great things the Pontiff who defined the Immaculate Conception was enabled to achieve for the Church. The very length of time which has passed since the meeting of any Council has taken place has made the character and office of such assemblies somewhat unfamiliar to our minds, and we may expect to have to notice, in the course of this year, many interesting works devoted to the purpose of spreading useful information on the subject. Nothing, indeed, can just at present be more useful than books which may arouse the attention, and enlist the sympathies and prayers, of the great body of Catholics throughout the world in behalf of the Council. Its deliberations will constitute the greatest event of our century, and we may confidently hope that its issue will be of the greatest blessing to the Church and to the world at large.

The letter of Monsignor Dupanloup, *Lettre sur le Futur Concile Ecumenique* (Paris, Douniol), though written with a particular reference to France, is marked, like all that proceeds from its author, by a vigour of thought and expression, and a breadth of view, which make it of universal interest and importance. As we hope to have

occasion to return to the subject of which it treats, we shall not attempt to analyse it here. The account it gives of the general nature of such Councils, of the causes which call at present for the meeting of such an Assembly, and of the effect which it may be expected to produce, is very lucid.

2. English Catholics will be glad to welcome the first volume of *Cardinal Wiseman's Daily Meditations* (Duffy), both as highly valuable in itself, and also as a beginning of that republication of his works which is certainly only due to them. One of the best monuments to his memory would be a uniform edition of his writings. We fear we shall have still to wait some time for his Life. Cardinal Wiseman's works almost tell the tale of his career and character. The present volume speaks of his years of preparation for the great part which he was to play in England. He seems to have occupied himself, when Rector of the English College at Rome, in writing meditations, which were used by the students, and we have thus an insight given us into that deep piety and thoughtfulness which were the foundations and sources of his zeal and activity. This volume contains meditations for half a year. The arrangement is somewhat intricate, as it seems to have been Dr. Wiseman's custom to vary the character of his subjects according to the days of the week. The Mondays are generally given to the "Last Things," the Fridays are devoted to the Passion, the Saturdays (in many cases) to the Blessed Virgin. There is generally a meditation in every week on some mystery of our Lord's life, and the remaining days are allotted to ordinary duties and preparation for missionary life. It would perhaps have been well to give a classified index of the subjects of these meditations.

3. When high prices and social pressure are at an apparent maximum, it is an undoubted gain to hear of any new outlet for the enterprise and industry for which our countrymen are proverbial. Notwithstanding the perhaps designedly high standard of the competitive examinations, the list of candidates for every profession, the civil service, and for the various branches of commercial occupation, is swelled to a formidable amount, while there still remains a large surplus of well taught young men vainly seeking some career. Not long since, it was currently supposed that although sheep farming had been, generally, a failure in Australia and at the Cape, the same occupation could be carried on in the South American plains with considerable success. But, owing to the absurd policy of the Argentine republic, in collecting an export duty of 15 per cent. on wool, tallow, and skins, the sheep corrals have sustained a heavy blow. Mr. Ross Johnson, having already reaped some experience in work and "adventuring" in India and Australia, made an expedition to South America, to learn for himself what prospects of making there were in the Plata States; and in a rapid and lively narrative, slightly defaced with slang—*A Long Vacation in the Argentine Alps*

(Bentley)—he has photographed his results for the benefit of his family and the public. Starting from Liverpool in June, 1867, he found himself in thirty days outside Monte Video, the capital of Uruguay, or Banda Oriental. Passing on to Buenos Ayres, Mr. Johnson found himself, like many other travellers, stopped about two miles from the shore; for Buenos Ayres is still unapproachable by vessels even of light burden, and passengers and goods are landed on lighters, or in huge, high-wheeled carts, out of which their stores are often plundered and lost. At Buenos Ayres Mr. Johnson first learnt the low state of the *estancias*, or sheep and cattle stations, and then resolved to penetrate the highlands, and judge what chance there was of mining or other undertakings. Passing upward to Rosario, a flourishing town, threatening to supersede the capital, and containing a fair number of English settlers, he and his companions came to the first large *estancias* on the banks of the noble Parana river, and containing 8,000 or 9,000 head of cattle. After inspecting these—for which a good market is wanting—they took one of those galloping journeys, so exciting to sportsmen, over plains swarming with deer, hares, ostriches, partridges larger than English pheasants, green doves, and quail; and studded with vast pools, literally covered with every variety of duck, snipe, flamingoes, cranes, pelicans, and bustards. Within the memory of man no shot had ever been fired on these “happy hunting grounds,” but, as a set-off to their attractions, the Indians—a villanous, cruel, and degraded race—are there numerous and aggressive. Cordoba, once the head-quarters of the Jesuits in South America, was the next resting point. It still owns a fine cathedral, and several large churches and convents. The neighbouring sierras are extremely rich in silver, lead, and copper; and in the plains a Belgian company has established extensive importations of Angola goats, which are likely to prove very profitable. The travellers passed on towards Catamarca, and crossed the Salinas, or remarkable plains of nitrate of salt, supposed to be the dried-up beds of ancient salt lakes; a region containing neither water nor the trace of human dwelling, but in its utter silence, and spotless beauty of sparkling salt, possessing a vivid attraction of its own. Catamarca is the old province of *Nueva Inghilterra*, with its first capital, *Londres*, so named by Philip II. of Spain, when he was about to marry our Queen Mary. The present capital, “Catamarca the beautiful,” lying in an amphitheatre of the loveliest hills, rising tier above tier in every gradation of form and colouring, up to the lonely snow-clad peak of Aconquija, 17,000 feet above the sea, must be one of the most exquisite spots of the habitable world. Into this favoured region every variety of vegetable wealth seems to be gathered in fabulous luxuriance; and sugar-canes, coffee-groves, olives, fragrant spice and gum trees, the finest wines and corn, maize, tobacco, orange and lemon woods, fig and plum thickets, and vast peach forests, alternately clothe the hills and slopes and choke the narrow valleys. Mules and the native sheep rapidly multiply, markets are plentiful,

wages low, and, in short, the Catamaricans seem to enjoy every imaginable condition of external blessedness.

Through the peach forests, blossoming or fruit-bearing all the year round, through endless thickets of cochineal-bearing cactus—so gigantic that its roller-like stems are used for pillars and shores for the galleries of the copper mines,—through the groves of that freak of nature, the cotton tree, with its bulbous, pear-shaped trunk, and its huge green fruit filled with cotton, the travellers penetrated to El Pucara, the last stand of the Indians against their Spanish conquerors, and so up through the Chilka Pars to Fuerte del Andalgalá, watered by the perpetual snows from Aconquija. This beautiful town is full of prosperous activity, with its tanneries, fruit preserving stores, and the fattening of cattle. Many German and Italian settlers are to be found here, amassing large fortunes, and surrounded by the combined enjoyments of the delicious country and of European civilisation; and here the travellers were met again with the often-repeated assurance that English settlers would be warmly welcomed, and their coming looked upon as a pledge of prosperity and peace. From this flourishing town the travellers were taken by an escort of Spanish settlers to the Capillitas—a valley clothed with vineyards, olive groves, and fig gardens, producing a variety of the most excellent wines, if only moderate care were taken with their preparation. Ascending these Alpine passes, clothed in one dazzling variety of luxuriance after another, in company with lineal descendants of the very name of Pizarro, Vasco de Gama, Sotomayor, and the like, in their huge boots, silver spurs, and silver-mounted Spanish saddles; while the only sound breaking the solemn silence was the awful cry of the condor seeking his prey—it is not surprising that even our light-hearted and reckless adventurers should have been deeply impressed, and reminded of the days of Drake and Raleigh, and of the feelings of the first discoverers of the new world.

4. Among the fugitive pamphlets which each year brings forth—destined, generally, to a short life and speedy and undisturbed oblivion—we usually find on our table two or three from Anglican clergymen who bid farewell to their former parishioners or friends on joining the Catholic Church. Converts are not always—at least, immediately after their conversion—able to give a perfectly theological account of the reasons which have weighed with them in the important step of changing their religion; but there is often a freshness and a frankness about these publications which enlist our sympathies at once, and disarm criticism. That, however, is far too little to say of some among the number, which are really most valuable as short and pithy manuals of controversy, and we cannot say what we have said about the fugitive nature of these addresses, without remarking that it would be well if some of those amongst us who are more particularly engaged in disseminating tracts and flying sheets for the instruction of the public as to Catholic matters, would turn

their attention to the re-publication of some of these letters, or to selections from them.

The recent conversion of Mr. H. J. Pye, formerly rector of Clifton Campville, made an unusual sensation, on account of his intimate connection with one of the most conspicuous of the High Churchmen among the Anglican "bishops." His little pamphlet, explaining to his flock the reasons which led him to make his submission to the Church, is now before us, under the name of *The Rector's Farewell* (Richardson). It belongs to the higher class among the publications of which we have been speaking, and here and there reminds us of the touching strain in which the late Mr. Robert Isaac Wilberforce, at the close of the preface to his last published work, took leave of the Anglican Establishment and the sphere of parochial work in which he had been so long and so successfully engaged. We hope the *Rector's Farewell* will survive the days of its birth. In tone of thought, in temper, in moderation and modesty of language, it presents a perfect contrast to another pamphlet of more pretentious bulk which is now before us, a *Letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Manning* (Hayes), by Edmund S. Ffoulkes, B.D., which we suppose is meant to be considered as the "farewell" of its author to the Catholic Church, into which he was admitted some thirteen or fourteen years ago. We must be excused from going at length into the contents of Mr. Ffoulkes' letter. He appears never to have been at home in the Catholic Church, and we cannot wonder at it, for he makes no secret that he entered it with the idea that he was to bring its principles, its spirit, the policy of its governors, the manners, habits of thought, and even the devotional practices of its children, before the judgment of his own private and unguided intellect. Mr. Ffoulkes is a man of much reading, but, we fear, of very little learning; he tells us continually how he has made up his mind on this or that subject, but we cannot find the slightest hint in anything that he has ever written that he has once in his life sat at the feet of any authority human or divine, or submitted to be taught anything by anybody but himself. And yet his conclusions are enunciated with a singular and remarkable confidence. We can conceive this state of mind existing in a person who thinks that he has a perfect right—indeed, that it is his duty—to trust his own conclusions, and those of no one else; but the state of mind is evidently that of a good, though ill-informed Protestant, and cannot in any sense of the word be termed Catholic. It is a state compatible with every virtue, except the humility essential to a Catholic. A person who has this "malformation of the intellect" must sooner or later work his way out of the Church, unless he remain in a state of mental inactivity. He may begin, like Lamennais, as a Catholic, and end in infidelity; or he may first of all throw Protestantism overboard and become a Catholic, and then discard his Catholicism in the same manner. "And what will he do in the end?" This is a grave question—not for us to consider. We are, indeed, unable to say whether Mr. Ffoulkes is at present an Anglican, or a "Christian unattached;"

whether he means to go back to his former position, or remain in an "isolated" community of which he is himself the chief teacher.

Two things we must protest against. The first—for which chiefly it is that we notice this pamphlet—is the idea that arguments, or, rather, propositions essentially Protestant in character, and by no means new, are to be considered as having additional weight conferred upon them by the fact that they come from one who, as far as his intellectual position is concerned, has no right to say that he has ever been a Catholic. The second—the use, to which we are sorry to say Mr. Ffoulkes has condescended, of that particularly ignoble and meaningless style of argument, the ordinary weapon of petty and effeminate minds, which consists in parading all the strong expressions which are to be found in mediæval authors about the corruptions of the Roman Court, or even of persons occupying the highest positions in it, and putting them forward as if those who used these expressions would not have been among the very strongest supporters anywhere to be found of the claims of the Holy See on the allegiance and obedience of Christians; or, again, in taking up any filthy or scandalous gossip that may pass current—always in some distant country—as to the lives and conduct of particular priests, and founding thereon inferences as to the legitimate fruits of the Catholic system. This style of controversy is, as we say, ignoble and meaningless—ignoble, because no high-minded person will be disposed to dwell on the personal faults of individuals, even of many individuals together, in arguments about the faith; and meaningless, because it can at the best bear no other fruit than that of empty detraction, no possible influence upon the conclusion to be drawn by any sound mind on the duty of obeying the Church as a condition of salvation.

5. It would be hard to find a more complete manual for the use of Priests, and other Clerics, than one now so well known as to have passed through several editions—Father Schneider's *Manuale Clericorum* (Ratisbon, New York: F. Pustet). The difficulty about all such compilations is to know where to stop, and, unless the principle or instinct according to which the selection is made be very sound, the result is sure to be more or less of a failure. Father Schneider's manual appears to us to have hit the proper medium. There is nothing that we could wish away, and yet the abundance of matter is very great indeed. The first part is ascetical, and contains, in a short space, a complete treatise on the spiritual life of the Priest or the Seminarist, with an abundance of devotional forms, among which we may particularly mention the prayers in preparation and thanksgiving for the two Sacraments of Penance and Communion. The second, and shorter, half of the manual is devoted to liturgical instructions, in the widest sense of the words.

6. M. Pustet, the now famous Catholic printer and publisher at Ratisbon, seems likely to rival in reputation any of his predecessors

in the useful field of labour to which he has devoted himself. We have now before us two of his missals; a large folio, for the altar, and a handsome small octavo, for private use—the type of this, however, is almost, if not quite, large enough for use at the altar, particularly by those Missionaries to whom it is important to economise space. The type is wonderfully clear and beautiful, the paper excellent, and the embellishments, such as vignettes and the like, very far above the average. On the whole, it would be difficult to surpass these exquisite specimens of typography, about which, moreover, there is no affectation of archaism. The German price appears to us extremely low, and we can hardly help thinking that the Ratisbon press is destined to become the very first in estimation for works of this kind.

7. Mr. Potter has put together a selection from the tales and sketches which he has contributed to various Catholic periodicals, under the title of *Sir Humphrey's Trial: Tales, Legends, and Sketches* (Dublin: Duffy). The most important tales relate to school-boy life, and will be read with eagerness this Christmastide by those who are in that happy state of existence to which these narratives refer. There are, moreover, some pretty pieces of poetry inserted between the prose narratives, the most considerable of which is a versification of the legend of St. Edward and the cripple. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and will no doubt become a general favourite.

8. Dr. Anderdon's little work, the *Seven Ages of Clarewell* (Burns and Oates) is the "history of a piece of ground," on which, in successive centuries, a Franciscan monastery is foretold, built, occupied, dissolved, secularised, desecrated, and restored. Each stage furnishes the materials for a dramatic scene, in which the characteristics of the several centuries which pass between 1236 and 1836 are very well hit off, and the whole makes up a very graphic picture. We can only hope that the last scene in this history of an imaginary monastery may be realised in many parts of England and Ireland before the present century closes.

9. Mr. Walford's *Story of the Chevalier Bayard* (Sampson, Low, Son, and Marston), is well written, well arranged, and very cheap. Although the name of Bayard is familiar to all, yet there are few to whom this little volume will not open new ideas, and throw fresh light on a subject which is well worthy of research. Bayard was the second son of Aymond Terrail, a man of good family in Dauphiny, and was born in the year 1746, in the reign of Louis XI. of France. He displayed, while yet a child, an ardent admiration for the glorious deeds of his forefathers, and a chivalrous desire of emulating them in deeds of arms, and it was at his own earnest request that he was placed by his father in the court of the Duke of Savoy. There his graceful bearing, his many accomplishments, and

especially his skill in the saddle, gained for the young Bayard so high a place in the general esteem, that on the occasion of a visit to Charles VIII. at Lyons, he was at the request of that monarch received into the Royal household. We find him, a young knight of eighteen, carrying away the votes of the fair judges in a tournament, given at Lyons by the Lord of Vaudray. We are told that Bayard was placed by Charles in the train of the Count de Ligny who gave him a place in his company of artillery, then stationed in Picardy. The young chevalier left the royal court for his destination full of hope and chivalrous zeal, and laden with presents from all whom he left behind at Lyons. The fame he had acquired in knightly accomplishments preceded him, and he was welcomed by his new companions in arms with every display of admiration and regard. Here he gave a splendid tournament, in which he came off successful, and added greatly to his reputation for accomplishment in knightly exercises. In 1494, Bayard followed his lord the Count of Ligny in the army which was led by Charles against Italy, for the purpose of seizing on the Kingdom of Naples. At the bloody battle of Fornova he distinguished himself by his intrepid courage, and was presented by Charles with 500 crowns as a reward for his valour. After the death of Charles VIII., he spent some time at the court of the Duke of Savoy, his old patron, where he met, in the person of the wife of the Lord of Fluxas, a lady to whom as a boy he had been devotedly attached. The next exploit which we find recorded of Bayard is the famous attack which he, and a handful of others, made on the strong fortress of Binasco, which was garrisoned by Ludovic Sforza, who was in arms against France. With the impetuosity which forms one of the charms of his character, Bayard, regardless of the fact that his comrades had left him, galloped into the town of Binasco, driving before him a body of cavalry. He was taken prisoner in the heart of the town and led to Ludovic, who, to his great honour, released the brave knight without a ransom. Our hero distinguished himself greatly in the various sieges and assaults in which he took part in Italy, and was not more remarkable for his valour than for his generosity to prisoners. It would be too long a task, were we to enumerate even the most striking exploits of Bayard; and we must therefore cursorily review the most salient points of his life. In the fierce contests with the Spaniards in which he was engaged, as well as in those engagements before Venice and Padua, he was, as usual, the dread of his enemies, the boast of his country, and the admiration of all. In 1511 Bayard was the most dangerous opponent of Pope Julius II. in the struggle for La Mirandola, and all but succeeded in carrying off the person of the Pontiff, by a sudden assault. He completed his success in this expedition by the victory of La Bastia in which the Papal troops were defeated. Passing over the comparatively insignificant events of the intervening years, we come to the great Battle of Ravenna. This was perhaps the greatest engagement in which Bayard ever took part, and certainly in no

other did he display more of that cool intrepidity and keen perception, which made him the hero of so many fields. The Spanish were most utterly defeated, but the French lost the great Duke of Nemours. A quaint, characteristic letter on this occasion from Bayard to his uncle Laurent Alleman, is preserved, and it gives a very good idea of the character of the writer.

Our hero took an important part in the campaign in Spain, which was made famous by his celebrated siege of Pampeluna. We now begin to hear of him, as opposing and nearly capturing Henry VIII. of England, when that monarch was ravaging Picardy and that neighbourhood. Bayard was a short time afterwards taken prisoner by the English, and Henry did his best to persuade him to abandon the French, and join the English army. To this offer the knight replied, as he had done in the case of a similar offer from Pope Julius, in 1503, "that he had only one master in heaven, who was God, and one upon earth, who was the King of France, and that he would never serve any other." Thus did the noble knight, spotless and fearless, continue in the path of all chivalrous virtue, beloved, respected, and admired by all. Nor was his death unworthy of his life: he fell mortally wounded at Lodi, fighting against fearful odds, for the land which he had so well and so nobly defended. Bayard is a striking example of what a noble mind, instilled with sentiments of true chivalry can accomplish. He died in 1524.

10. Monsignor Laforet, the Rector of the Catholic University of Louvain, published some time ago a very useful book, *Pourquoi l'on ne croit pas*, of which we are glad to see an English translation, published under the title *Why men do not believe* (Philp). The work is divided into two parts, the first of which traces very briefly the history of belief and unbelief from the foundation of Christianity to the present time; the second part is philosophical, and treats of the causes of infidelity, such as ignorance of religion, materialism, scepticism, the corruption of the understanding, and the like. We are given to understand that the book has borne good fruit in the way of conversions abroad, and it certainly is not published in this country before it is wanted.

An interesting though painful question is raised, though not for the first time, by some passages in this work, to which it may be worth while to direct attention, especially now that books of this kind are so much wanted among ourselves. It is quite common with continental writers to attribute the origin of the French infidel school of the last century to the influence of English writers. "The empire of opinion in England," says Monsignor Laforet, "was conquered for unbelief by Hobbes, Toland, Blount, Shaftesbury, Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, Collins, Woolston, and Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was the master of Voltaire" (p. 100). We think that Englishmen will hardly admit this, at least in the sense in which it may be naturally taken. It may be true that there were infidel writers in England earlier than in

France—as, indeed, was only to be expected on account of the far greater freedom of the press in this country. But we think it would be unfair to infer, in consequence, that the “empire of opinion in this country” was in possession of the infidels. Foreigners are apt, as is the case with Monsignor Laforet, to group together a number of writers in a somewhat indiscriminate way, and to call them a school. On the other hand, they are not well acquainted with the answers which those writers received from Englishmen like themselves, and, certainly, a great many very brilliant and solid defences of Christian belief have had their birth on this side of the Channel. It is hardly fair to imply that the unbelievers had the best of the controversy, either in argument or in popular influence. Then, again, we can never read the life of Voltaire without rebelling against the assertion that his visit to England made him what he was. The fact we believe to be, that English infidelity was first in the field, but not by any means so influential on general thought as its counterpart in France. Englishmen are proverbially illogical; they ought to have been full-blown unbelievers, it may be said, long ago, but there is something in the national character which refuses the extreme conclusion of infidelity. And we think that remarkable as is the progress made, unhappily, of late years by this infidel school—a progress of which few quiet-going people have any idea—it is almost more remarkable that belief and religious feeling preserve so tenacious a hold upon large masses of the community.

II. Under the title of *England's Antiphon* (Macmillans), Mr. Macdonald has put together a very interesting series of chapters on the history of sacred poetry in this country, giving large quotations from the authors who pass in succession before him. We are glad to see that he appreciates the tenderness and simplicity of our religious poetry of the very earliest times, much of which, we believe, still remains entirely unknown, notwithstanding the praiseworthy labours of the Early English Text Society. The Elizabethan era engages his sympathies largely, and he is on the whole not unfair to the Catholic poetry of that and later times, though he evidently does not find it congenial to himself. George Herbert is his great hero. Few perhaps are aware of the multitude of poetic gems that are to be found embedded in the somewhat quaint and sometimes difficult poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Macdonald brings his story down to the present time, and his standard of thought and feeling may be estimated from the fact that he is cold towards the “Christian Year,” and that he puts Dr. Faber, as a poet, higher than Dr. Newman. There is, occasionally, a somewhat unpleasant trick about Mr. Macdonald's language, and his reader will not be attracted by the titles of some of his chapters, such as “the Plain,” the “Roots of the Hills,” the “New Vision,” the “Fervour of the Implicit,” and the “Questioning Fervour.” Simpler names might certainly have been found for a series of chapters on the religious poetry of the last un- dred years.

12. Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swift has published, if we understand him, in extreme old age, some translations from Homer, containing the whole of the first Iliad, and a number of fragments from the rest of the poem. Mr. Swift is an enthusiast for the old English metre used by Chapman in his translation of Homer, only he would discard the rhymes. There is a good deal to be said for that metre as to its capacity for rendering what Mr. Swift terms the "linearity" of the old Greek poet: but it requires very great skill in the selection of words and the placing of the accent to free it from the danger of becoming a wearisome jingle, and, for our own part, we freely confess that the rhyme of Chapman makes his verses flow more pleasantly to our ears than those of Mr. Swift. If we are to have any metre but ordinary English "heroic" verse for our translation of Homer, we cannot help thinking that *very carefully* studied hexameters would furnish the best vehicle for the old bard in his English dress. The fault of ordinary hexameters seem to be that no sufficient regard has yet been paid to quantity and the selection of words of proper length and weight. For the rest, some of Mr. Swift's passages are pleasantly enough rendered, though, if he will forgive us for doing so, we prefer giving as a specimen of his powers a "versification" not from Homer, but from Arrian, in the metre of Pope instead of that of Chapman. It is on the *Island of Achilles in the Euxine*:

A northwind blew on Ister's widening shore,
Till the far Island, which in days of yore
Had title from Archilles, rose in sight.
Men called it by yet other names—"The White
Island," from its pale presence; and "The Course,"
From the quick running of its current's force.—
You see it in the distance; story tells,
How Thetis to her son that Island gave;
How in its earth he found an honoured grave;
And how therein his deathless spirit dwells.—
Land, and survey its Temple, and the express
Image of his high presence:—loneliness,
And silence cover all:—no man dwells there;
But frequent Mariners to its shrine repair,
And hang their votive offerings—a small boat,
Or whate'er else their simple means may note
Of a sea-danger past; and gifts are there,
With, scribed in Greek or Latin, legends fair
Unto Archilles' honour, and his loved
Comrade Patroclus, in like perils proved
Of fortune and of fate. Aquatic birds
Gather within its sacred space their herds—
The widowed halcyon, the lone sea-quail,
The duck, the diver, and the water-rail:—
These of the Temple have the appointed charge:
And every morning to the Euxine's marge
They go, and burthen heavily their wings
With a free dipping in its plenteous springs;
Then duly they return, and o'er and o'er
With their wet plumage sweep the Temple's floor.
And still, the brother-chiefs in visions teach
The voyager that Island's coast to reach.

13. It may be reasonably doubted whether more than a few of the more initiated out of the number of Anglican readers who may be tempted to take up the new volume of Mr. Orby Shipley's "Ascetic Library"—*The Preparation for Death: translated from the Italian of Alfonso, Bishop of St. Agatha* (Rivingtons)—will be aware that they have in their hands a work of St. Alfonso Liguori. Mr. Shipley is rather famous for producing works of authors who before were "not generally known," and we can imagine that in this case he may be supposed to have routed out some unknown Italian writer for the benefit of the Ritualists. However, the book is nothing more—though something less—than S. Alfonso's well known manual of meditations. Something less—for the simple Catholicism of St. Alfonso is rather too much for Mr. Orby Shipley, who has omitted the meditations which have reference to our Blessed Lady and the Eucharistic Presence of our Lord in the tabernacle; and he has also made a number of minor "improvements" on the original work. We must confess that we look upon such treatment of a Catholic Saint with extreme repugnance. If Anglicans want books to prepare themselves for death, they certainly are not without them in the range of their own literature. Jeremy Taylor and others have written on the subject, not indeed, without helping themselves largely from Catholic sources, which is fair enough, but without professing to give a Catholic book in a mutilated form. If the new school of Anglicans cannot find what they want among their own writers, let them compile books themselves. The principle of the "Ascetic Library" is distinctively sectarian: it is not Anglican and not Catholic, and the decision as to what a writer like St. Alfonso is to be allowed to say rests with the editor alone. This principle was unfortunately inaugurated many years ago at Oxford, when even the *Imitation of Christ* was interpolated, the *Spiritual Combat* mutilated, and the *Paradise of the Soul* garbled. It is surely time that a method so indefensible either on literary or religious grounds should be abandoned by those who profess to have made so great an advance upon the elder phases of Puseyism.

Machyn's Diary.

OUR attention has been called to a correspondence which appeared in the course of last November in successive numbers of *Notes and Queries*,* with respect to a note of two lines appended to p. 265 of our last volume, the article to which it refers being on the subject of "Anglican Sacerdotalism" (Sept., 1868). Speaking of the historical

* It happens that we receive *Notes and Queries* in monthly parts, and thus did not observe the correspondence till after our last issue.

evidence for the alleged "consecration" of Parker, at Lambeth, as witnessed to by the Lambeth Register, the writer had remarked that there is a great deficiency of contemporaneous evidence as to the asserted fact. The author to whom he was replying—Dr. Forbes, of Brechin—had alleged the authority of Machyn's *Diary*, published not long ago by the Camden Society, in which mention is made of the ceremony. The writer in the MONTH notices this in the note to which we refer, saying that Machyn certainly mentions the fact, "but we understand that some doubts exist as to the state of the manuscript."

These words appear to have been understood as implying a charge that the manuscript has been forged, or dealt with unfairly. The "Editor of Machyn's *Diary*," in *Notes and Queries* for November 7, calls this "A disingenuous and jesuitical insinuation;" and, what is perhaps of more importance, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, on November 21, writing in answer to a letter on the other side of the question, which is signed by the well-known initials "F. C. H.," speaks of the question at issue between the editor of Machyn's *Diary* and the writer in the MONTH as being "whether or not the manuscript of that *Diary* has been *tampered with*." We may, therefore, at once remove the misapprehension caused by these statements. We have never asserted that the manuscript has been "tampered with," but simply that doubts exist as to its state sufficient to make its authority not quite safe. The readers of our articles will be quite aware that the historical question is only entered on in them so far as is necessary in order to expose false assertions and inferences made by those to whom we are replying, and that we do not profess to go fully into that question, which is not, with us, the main point in consideration. We think it a fair criticism to make against the authority of Machyn's *Diary*, that there are "doubts as to the state of the manuscript"—a statement which we made on the authority of a very eminent antiquarian. But we can hardly attach to Machyn's *Diary* the importance which its editor seems to give it. It is, at the best, a contemporary chronicle of bits of common gossip, not the testimony of an eye-witness, and, if we may be allowed to say so without provoking the wrath of Mr. Nichols, it is not so good a piece of evidence for the Lambeth consecration, by a good deal, as the evidence of the *eye-witness*, which can be adduced for what he calls the "scandalous story known as the 'Nag's Head' consecration." We are not aware that any doubt has ever been thrown on the story of the "Nag's Head" sufficiently well-grounded to justify the language which Mr. Nichols (and Dr. Pusey) use regarding it. It is quite possible to separate the fact itself from the argument founded on it as against "Anglican Orders." The fact itself is not inconsistent with the subsequent "consecration" alleged to have taken place at Lambeth, and one story is quite as good as the other. There is just as much ground for speaking of the Lambeth Register as a forgery as there is for speaking of the "Nag's Head" story as a lie. The reasonable con-

clusion concerning it is what is hinted by Dr. Lingard, that it is founded upon something which really took place; though that "something" need not have been the only ceremony which gave Parker and his compeers whatever title they may have possessed to the episcopal character. Elizabeth is not at all likely to have been satisfied with the "Nag's Head" business. The story appears to us to be chiefly valuable as an illustration of the character of the men to whom Anglicanism owes its origin; but, unless there is something to be alleged against it in the way of definite and direct disproof, it is not in accordance with the canons of historical criticism to call it "scandalous" and "lying"—expressions which, unless they can be justified by very clear proofs, do more harm to those who use them than to those against whom they are used.

The writer with whom we are dealing tells us that the manuscript of the *Diary* was seriously injured in the fire from which the Cottonian collection suffered, but that it has since been carefully repaired, and has been printed *verbatim et literatim* by the Camden Society. This, as far as can be gathered from the statement of the editor of the *Diary*, who must have had it day after day before him during his work, is the extent of the injury done to the manuscript. May we be allowed respectfully to ask whether or not he, at the time of writing to *Notes and Queries*, was aware of the facts which have been lately published in the *Weekly Register* (in some letters signed "Ignotus"), and also in the *Notes and Queries* of November 21, where they are referred to by the very respected writer who signs himself "F. C. H.?" It certainly seems surprising that when he was bringing a grave charge of disingenuousness against a writer unknown to him, Mr. Nichols should not in all fairness have mentioned each and every one of the facts relating to the manuscript, which may at least be supposed to excuse the opinion on which he is so severe. What these facts are, we shall take the liberty of stating in the words of "F. C. H." He says:—

"B. J. F." (a writer in the *Weekly Register*) states that he carefully examined it (the manuscript), and detected interpolations. After the words "doctur Parker was," the words "mad ther at Lambeth" have been added by another and a later hand; and in like manner, the third entry ended with the words "ther were v nuw byshopes," but the same hand has added the word "mad." "Ignotus," following up the subject (Nov. 7), says that he also has examined the MS., and that the above interpolations are manifest. "In each case," he says, "the difference in writing and ink is clear, whether looked at with the naked eye, or examined through a magnifying glass. Fraud is to my mind so evidently proved as utterly to destroy the credibility of the entries." He goes on to say that Strype had had uncontrolled possession of the MS.; he suppressed the evidences of the interpolation; and knowing, as we do, the gross untruths which fill the pages of Strype, he was very likely to tamper with the MS. But whether *he* did or not, it *has* been tampered with, and its credibility destroyed, so that its entries prove nothing."

We may add, that we have received a private letter from a gentle-

man of perfect competency, who has examined the manuscript, and confirms "B. J. F." in every particular. We confess that we see only one way of reconciling the contradictory assertions on the point in question. The editor of *Nates and Queries* tells us that the manuscript has lately been examined by experts, and that they declare, "not only that it has never been tampered with, but that there is not the smallest pretext for asserting that it has" (p. 484). If words have been inserted by different hands, and in a different ink, we suppose that in the common sense of the term, it can hardly be said that the manuscript is in its original state. Its original state, indeed, as we are informed in the volume itself, was that of a number of loose disconnected sheets, not arranged in any order at all; and it is, at all events, quite certain that these sheets were at one time altogether at the mercy of Strype. We must suppose that what is meant is, that there is no reason for supposing the existence of any material or considerable interpolation. This *may* be the case, even though here and there a word may have been inserted.

We do not allege these facts as a support for a charge which we never made, and which need not have been fastened upon us. There may be "doubts as to the state of the manuscript," without any insinuation of fraud; it was enough for our purpose that the passage in the *Diary* in question could hardly be called the evidence of an altogether unimpeachable witness. But, in fact, the evidence amounts to so little as not to be worth fighting about. No one denies that something may have been reported as having been done, or that something may have been done, at Lambeth, on that particular day in December which is mentioned by Machyn. If Mr. Nichols thinks that the valid consecration of Matthew Parker is materially corroborated by this evidence, we cannot find fault with his opinion, though we may not share it. After all, Machyn's mention of what he heard only serves to make the silence of Stowe more significant. But the establishment of Mr. Nichols' opinion would not prevent him from agreeing with us in the main conclusion of our papers on the general subject, which is this—that there is at least so much uncertainty about the "sacerdotal" claims of a small portion of the Anglican clergy—with whom, as we imagine, he hardly sympathises more than we do—as to make it in the highest degree presumptuous for them to call themselves "sacrificing Priests" in the old Catholic sense. We see it reported in the papers, that the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford takes the same view of the claims in question as we do.

Mr. Nichols has attached us on another point, as to which we may say a few words before closing this short paper. As the point in question relates to something that we are supposed to have implied with reference to an authority whom we so highly esteem as Dr. Lingard, we shall hardly do ourselves justice without noticing it. Here, too, Mr. Nichols has misrepresented us. The point is this—Dr. Lingard argues in favour of the Lambeth Register from the fact

that, on the day after the ceremony which is recorded in that document, the Queen addressed writs to Parker as Archbishop of Canterbury. He says that this proves that Parker was then, *for the first time*, in possession of his temporalities, which were never "restored" till after consecration. A difficulty has been raised against this, from the fact that Parker is styled Archbishop of Canterbury in a writ of the 20th of October—two months *before* the alleged consecration. Dr. Lingard met this difficulty by supposing that the writ belonged to the October of the following year—thus admitting, by implication, that if it were proved to belong to the October of the *same* year with the "consecration," the difficulty would stand. Since his time, it has been proved to demonstration by Canon Williams that it *does* belong to the year of the "consecration," and cannot belong to the year following. On this we made the very natural remark, that if Dr. Lingard had known this, he might probably have re-considered his conclusions.

This, however, does not please Mr. Nichols. "Dr. Lingard," he says, "it seems, determined the question too impartially, 'judging as an historical critic,' and not as a polemical partisan." We certainly said that Dr. Lingard, in our opinion, was justified, "as an historical critic," in accepting the Lambeth Register until it was disproved; but we ventured to think, also, that he had not sufficiently estimated the positive evidence against the Register. If he had done this, if he had known that the year of the writ of October 20th could be determined beyond dispute, he might, as we think, have hesitated in his acceptance. At all events, he must have found some other way—we are by no means inclined to say that no other way *could* have been found—of meeting the difficulty in question. But to give any weight at all to so plain an argument as that brought forward by Canon Williams would, according to Mr. Nichols, have been to judge "as a polemical partisan." We believe we are right in saying, that Mr. Nichols himself is not altogether unversed in estimating points of historical evidence. He cannot, in future, object to being judged by his own definition of the duties of an antiquarian. If an unexpected piece of evidence should turn up against some conclusion at which he has arrived, and it should also be found that he has paid no attention whatever to it, though pointed out to him, he will have acted, on his own showing, as an "historical critic" should act. If he has given the piece of evidence its due weight, either in modifying his conclusion or in lessening its certainty, he may expect to be said to have acted as a "polemical partisan."





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